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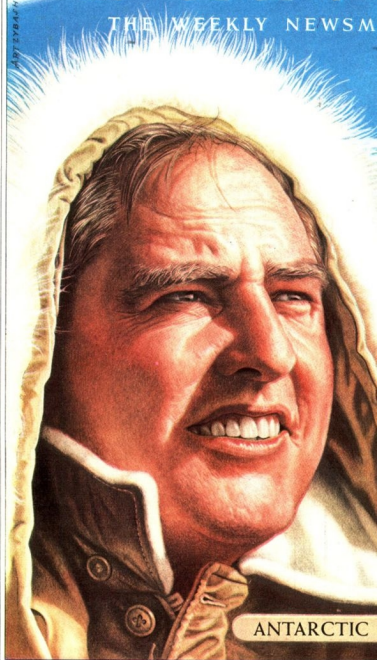
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# TIN

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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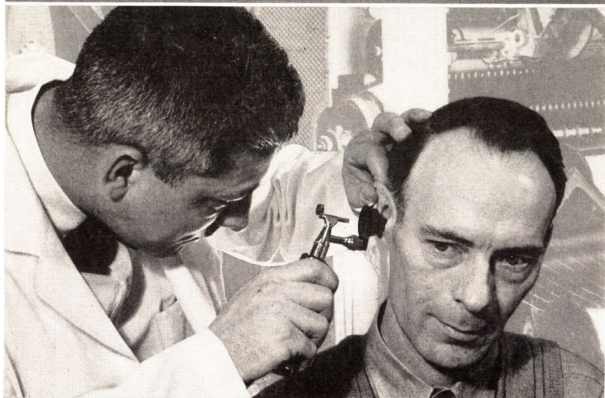
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# LETTERS

## Man of the Year

Sir:  
Last January I got pretty mad when TIME picked Harlow Curtice as Man of the Year. This year I would like to beat you to the punch. I predict your boy will be: Janos Kadar.

JOHN C. MOYNIHAN

Andover, Mass.

Sir:  
Share the honor between Dag Hammarskjöld and Nasser. For the Tyrants of the Year, how about Eden and Mollet for a start?

S. M. WILSON

Potter's Bar, England

Sir:  
The man who hit Goliath hard and good: David Ben-Gurion.

J. GLASBERG

Kfar Barukh, Israel

Sir:  
The Freedom Fighter of Hungary.

STEPHEN F. LOO

Penang, Malaya

Sir:  
May I nominate Cardinal Mindszenty?  
CONRAD ROGER  
Cambridge, Mass.

Sir:  
Dwight D. Eisenhower.  
M. SCUDDER GRIFFING  
Shelter Island Heights, N.Y.

Sir:  
Next to Ike, pick Dick!  
RICHARD E. MASTRANGELO  
Watertown, Mass.

Sir:  
How about the Honorable Lester Bowles ("Mike") Pearson?  
GEORGE T. FULFORD  
Brockville, Ont.

Sir:  
The credit should go to the Prime Minister of Pakistan, Hussein Shahed Suhrawardy. He is indeed the Mr. Dulles of Asia and the Middle East.

JAMEEL RAFFAT

Kuwait, Arabia

Sir:  
Khrushchev? Who else makes us spend almost half our national budget for defense? Who else makes every civilized person wonder when the H-bombs will drop? Who might turn the world into an armed camp

and return everyone to the Army? In 1956, he eclipses all others.

WARREN SNYDER

Evanston, Ill.

## Present Arms

Sir:  
I bet Boris Chaliapin too to 1 that he cannot put up three rifles the way he did on TIME's Nov. 26 cover.

JAN P. M. VAN HEESWIJK  
Curaçao, Netherlands Antilles

Artist Chaliapin, who handled rifles long before he painted them, says there's nothing to it; the trick is to



Boris Chaliapin; U.S. Marine Corps—International

get the stacking swivels properly linked. For Chaliapin's painted version (left) and a genuine Marine Corps stack, see cuts.—Ed.

## Poles Apart

Sir:  
An orchid for TIME's Dec. 10 coverage of Poland's Wladyslaw Gomulka. What other single individual has shown that Communism is not so invulnerable after all and can be forced to grant concessions (with a minimum of bloodshed)?

STANLEY F. HUZAREWICZ

Utica, N.Y.

Sir:  
When is a Communist not a Communist? Are there Communists in various degrees like good, better, best? Or bad, worse, worst? Or from mild to fanatic? I wonder if Gomulka is less a Communist for having divorced the parent country, or has he perhaps discovered a secret Utopia that compels him to remain essentially a Communist? It is very strange.

N. T. RUSSELL

Fern Park, Fla.

## Finnish Brutality

Sir:  
I was not shocked by the Russian Communists' Finnish brutality in Hungary. I was a Soviet slave in 1944, during which period I

was almost tortured to death by Mongol "nerve-breakers" and Amur Chinese torturers. After two "brainwashings" I was reduced to the state of a dumb beast. Now, a man who counts minutes between pain and agony. I feel that it is high time some distinguished American should cast the first stone against U.N. In my mind's eye, I see a rope over its majestic portals. The blood of the Hungarian martyrs should not reach the international drain. It should have a voice of its own, crying "Judas!"

VICTOR K. KALEDIN

(Colonel, D.S.O.)

Former Special Prisoner No. 4789  
of the Selenga Prison Camp, U.S.S.R.  
Lillestrom, Norway

Sir:  
I am getting sick and tired of reading items about how we are offering Hungarian refugees their first taste of freedom. Freedom indeed! The freedom we took away from them at Yalta and Potsdam! It would be well for us to try repaying some of the damage we have caused by helping the heroic Hungarian nation to regain its independence. Stop that "damn East River Debating Society" (as one of your readers so aptly put it) from wasting time and even more precious lives while haggling over details. Have it send a plenipotentiary of U.N. observers directly into Budapest, whether the Communist gangsters approve of it or not. The risk involved would be minimal.

CHARLOTTE VON WYMETAL

New London, Conn.

Sir:  
There's so much concern for those who've left, or had to leave; what of those who've stood to fight? When will we stop just providing new countries for those who want their own?

NANCY R. HOFFMANN

U.S. Army Hospital  
c/o Postmaster  
New York City

Sir:  
Who is going to feed, clothe and employ all of these people? Don't we have enough employment problems now?

(MRS.) SANDRA J. BLOOMSTADT  
Torrance, Calif.

## Volunteers

Sir:  
You printed a letter from Esther Rawden [Dec. 10] asking for "a man who is willing to lead volunteers into the satellites." I am not qualified to do this, but if someone who is qualified comes forward, please give him this name for one of his volunteers:

ROGER LAMSON

Oneonta, N.Y.

Sir:  
Doesn't the situation cry out for Joan of Arc? A promising nominee: Esther Rawden.

ROBERT W. IVENS

Ventnor, N.J.

Sir:  
My husband, an Army Reserve officer, would gladly lead or follow a volunteer army into Hungary. . . If we had the money, the arms, and the administrative setup, I feel certain many Americans would fight for Hungary and for freedom.

MARY JOHNSON KNERLY

Lakewood, Ohio

## Eden & Suez [Contd.]

Sir:  
Without going into the merits or otherwise of the respective American and Western European policies in the Middle East, I am

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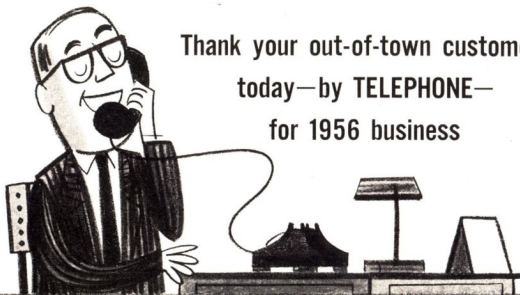
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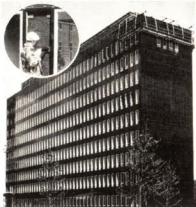
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really amazed to notice that nobody seems to see the striking similarity between 1938 and 1956. I admit that Messrs. Hammarskjöld and Dulles show less enthusiasm and more objectiveness than Lord Runciman and Mr. Chamberlain, but the plot is the same, and, I am afraid, the result will be the same too. The real trouble is that the Western world has not one statesman.

F. BAUMWALD

Sydney, Australia

Sir:

I do not criticize *TIME* [Dec. 3] for publishing the London *Daily Mail's* cartoon "Fawn Club," but words cannot express my feelings of shock at comparing our beloved President Eisenhower to an immoral harem woman. Where is British dignity and decency?

RALPH F. BALOG

Wheaton, Ill.

Sir:

I have as yet heard nothing but recriminations thrown at a great power that pulled out its army at the request of a greater power. I would venture to say that we peace-loving Christians are secretly pleased that Sir Anthony helped to muzzle the mealy-mouthed Muslim.

KAY LAWTON

New Castle, Pa.

Sir:

The weeping and wailing pouring from Britain would indicate that a wet nurse is wanted more than an ally.

G. H. O'DELL

Indianapolis

Sir:

As an Englishman, I am appalled at the vicious campaign of abuse and vilification now being worked up by British Tories in & out of Parliament and in the greater part of the British press against the U.S. and President Eisenhower himself. I do not believe that Sir Anthony Eden and his supporters or the Tory press lords speak for all the British people. They dishonor Britain and do infinite harm to the British people as well as to the peoples of the world.

ARTHUR LAWSON

Dalkey, Ireland

### Briefing for All

Sir:

Re your statement [Dec. 10] that Mr. Selwyn Lloyd held confidential briefings for selected British and European diplomatic correspondents to which *The Economist* and *The Observer* correspondents were not invited: As it happens our diplomatic correspondent, Alastair Buchan, was in New York during the period of Mr. Lloyd's visit, and attended all the confidential briefings for British correspondents which he gave.

DAVID ASTOR  
Editor

*The Observer*  
London

### The Swelled Hat

Sir:

Re your Dec. 3 TV & Radio article on Walter Winchell: best picture I've ever seen of W.W. But where did anybody ever find a hat too big to fit his head?

WAYNE P. HOCHMUTH

Evanston, Ill.

### An Uncertain Smile

Sir:

About Playwright Kerr's spoof of Francoise Sagan's *A Certain Smile* [Dec. 10]: rather cattish and unfair of Mrs. Kerr, to say the least. Miss Sagan's plots are dull, and I do

not think anyone cares for them. But her books should be read in French. What Mrs. Kerr's dull English prose fails to render is Sagan's extremely smooth-flowing French prose, which still makes delightful reading whether one likes or dislikes the plot.

JACQUES CLAVEAU

Ankara, Turkey

Hurrah for Kerr! We've never been so bored.

THERESE COLFORD  
DOROTHY KENNEDY

Pittsburgh

### Bean Ball

Sir:

In spite of *TIME's* Dec. 3 hero worship of Parry O'Brien, I must say phooey. All this and heaven too for a guy who just tosses a 16-lb. ball? It should land on your head.

PAUL B. NOEL

San Francisco

Sir:

The fact that Parry O'Brien has "consecrated his life to the task of tossing a 16-lb. ball of steel farther than anyone," that he warms up for a contest by "firing himself with hatred" (has he read *16847*), that he fortifies his soul in various mystical ways as if shotputting contained "the secret of the universe," is a source of inspiration for all non-athletes.

J. RECKNAGEL

Berkeley, Calif.

### Tender Story

Sir:

This is a tribute to the reviewer of *Marcelino* [Nov. 26]. The piece is refreshingly reverent in this irreverent age and beautifully written. Since some of the best contemporary writing in the U.S. is done for *TIME*, why not publish an anthology of selections for college and university use?

WM. DOMINIC RYAN, S.J.  
Associate Dean

St. Stanislaus Seminary  
Florisant, Mo.

### The Shorter Story Set

Sir:

I fully enjoyed your Nov. 26 review of *Write Me a Poem, Baby*. After taking her class to the Museum of Natural History, a schoolteacher friend of mine asked each child to write a little composition. The following was one of the results:

"Today we went to a museum. I saw a dinosaur. The dinosaur is a animal what aint got no meat on its bones."

TOBY LENNARD

New York City

Sir:

I think your article was extremely effective and amusing. It interested me because I am a co-editor of a grammar school literary magazine, and I am continuously having to face such literature.

LISA FITZGERALD  
(age 12)

Troy, N.Y.

Sir:

The review reminded me of the following story written by an eight-year-old girl, Nirmala:

"Once upon a time their lived a capten who loved food. His name was Bill. He married a woman called Ann. Who could cook very nicely, but he didn't love her. He only married her because she could cook. One day she died, but Bill didnt mind until lunch-time."

URMILLA SEN

Bombay, India





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## NATIONAL AFFAIRS

### THE NATION

#### Pandit & President

With an air and manner about him that compelled attention, India's Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru was the Man in the News last week, and in his typical indefatigable way, he made a lot of it. He had come to the U.S. primarily to talk with the President on the problems and promises of the world. But along his word-strewn way he shook a multitude of hands, graced a dozen receptions, closeted himself a dozen times with dozens of officials, dined with Eleanor Roosevelt, lunched with Dag Hammarskjöld, raised his goblet of orange juice in dozens of toasts, changed the tiny, ubiquitous rose in his ubiquitous *achkan* dozens of times.

His public pronouncements caught the headlines, but from the standpoint of future U.S.-Indian relationships, the talks between President and Prime Minister probably were more important. Ike was anxious to establish a personal relationship with the forceful Pandit; Nehru, for his part, had much to learn about the President who had just been given a re-sounding mandate in re-election and had used his influence so effectively in both the Suez and Hungarian crises.

**Peking's Hopes.** The talks began in Washington, shifted to Ike's farm in Gettysburg, then back to Washington, lasting in all more than 14 hours. Laced into the discussions was some small talk, ranging from Nehru's interest in Ike's painting (and Ike's enthusiasm for the works of Grandma Moses) to Ike's short lecture, during a brief inspection of his property, on the problems of cattle breeding, which seemed to leave the Prime Minister singularly unexcited. What surprised Ike most was that Nehru, in private, dropped his customary tendency toward heady circumlocutions (*see below*) on the big problems and got precisely down to specifics. So did Ike. Some of the specifics, as reported by Time's White House Correspondent John Steele:

Speaking as an "honest broker" for Chou En-lai, Nehru suggested that the Red Chinese had made several steps toward a "normalizing" of relations with the U.S., reported that Chou was deeply hurt at the U.S.'s rebuff. Why, wondered Nehru, does not the President recognize "realities" by recognizing Chou's government? To which Ike, talking like a civics teacher, briefed Nehru on the realities of American politics. Recognition of Red China, he explained, would require full



EISENHOWER & NEHRU at GETTYSBURG  
Out of plain talk, a common dedication.

International

congressional cooperation, e.g., Senate approval of any ambassador-designate.

Ike said that he could not count on any help along those lines from the Republican Party; any such attempt would mean a split with his party, open warfare with Senate Minority Leader William Knowland. Well, asked Nehru, why doesn't the U.S. at least relax its trade embargoes with Red China? Patiently the President explained that until Peking proves itself a more acceptable member of the international community, he has no intention of recommending such action.

**Russia's Guilt.** Ike roundly criticized India's U.N. delegation chief, Krishna Menon, for unwise, inflammatory and unfortunate statements. Nehru, who regards Menon's opinions as he does his own, heard the President out in silence. Then, to the President's surprise, Nehru expressed stronger criticism of Russia than he has ever done publicly. Nehru was furious, he said, over Russia's breach of faith; Moscow had gulled him into the fiction that the Soviet actions in Hungary were aimed at restoring order and peace. Angriely Nehru exploded that the Russians had been guilty of wholesale bloodletting and ruthless tyranny.

As for Russian personalities, Nehru plainly told the President that he is revolted by the personal conduct of Top

Communist Nikita Khrushchev (lavishly entertained in India last year), most particularly by his drinking habits. Nehru cited instances of Khrushchev's drunkenness at diplomatic receptions. He also took exception to undiplomatic Red tirades and boasts—behavior that last month sent Western diplomats storming out of two Moscow diplomatic functions (*TIME*, Nov. 26).

**The U.S.'s Reward.** Extravagantly Nehru praised U.S. conduct in the Suez flare-up, i.e., Ike's forceful denunciation of British and French aggression, informed him that the American attitude opened the door to a new era of confidence and cooperation between the U.S. and India, as well as with the rest of non-Communist Asia. Along with this praise was the implication that India can now act as an advocate of the U.S. among the non-Caucasian peoples of the Middle East and Asia. When the talk turned to money, Ike assured his guest of American willingness to cooperate (possibly with long-term credits) in helping along India's second five-year plan.

There was no discussion of any pacts or commitments, but each acknowledged that they had come to understand the other better and that the ultimate link between the two countries is a dedication to world peace.

## FOREIGN RELATIONS

### Reading the Tea Leaves

With the delicate, fragrantly bland character of a pot of jasmine tea (which isn't everybody's dish), India's exotic Nehru poured himself—rosebud and all—into the nation's teacup, there for all to sniff and sip. After leaving Ike, he drove to the National Press Club to face Washington's tough newsmen. He was introduced irreverently as "the mystical man in the middle." His 45-minute performance was admirable: deft, quiet, elusive, charming, and at times, productive. Items:

**Q:** What message did he deliver to Ike from Red China's Chou En-lai? **A:** "Complaints" against the U.S.

**Q:** What would happen to Nationalist China should Red China be admitted to the U.N.? **A:** "The Formosa government is not China . . . whatever else it is. It

**Soft & Slumbrous.** Whisking into Manhattan, Nehru was the honor guest at an honest-to-gaudy, cushy stag luncheon for 500 bigwigs and local politicians given by Mayor Robert Wagner (who valiantly intoned that "You do us signal honor . . . on your brief sojourn," solemnly proposed a toast to "the President of India"). He got his ear bent by loquacious Governor Averell Harriman, who introduced the Prime Minister to pin-neat Tammany Hall Boss Carmine De Sapio ("Carmine—I was just telling the Prime Minister here about you . . ."). His balding head glistening, the flower in his buttonhole lazily depetaling, Nehru wadded his white handkerchief in his hand, rose to deliver softly a slumbrous sermon (*viz.*, leadership must compromise, else it becomes defeated) that was as uninformative as it was long (and brought evident drowsiness to a few of his neighbors, including

"Cold wars," said he, "mean nourishing the idea of war in the minds of men. If we go on nourishing the idea . . . then obviously there is always the danger of its bursting out from the minds to other activities. Therefore I submit to you that this idea of cold war is essentially, fundamentally wrong. It is immoral. It is opposed to all ideas of peace and cooperation . . . We have, as we know, all kinds of military alliances. It is not for me, especially on this occasion, to criticize . . . Nevertheless . . . all these pacts and alliances are completely out of place. I would go a step further. They are unnecessary, even from the point of view of those people who have those pacts and alliances.

"If it is our objective, as it must be . . . that we must have peace, then it follows necessarily that we must not have cold war. If we must not have cold war, then it follows necessarily that we must not buttress our idea of peace by past military establishments and pacts and alliances. All this seems to me to follow logically. We have seen and we know that the presence of foreign forces in a country is always an irritant; it is never liked by that country; it is abnormal. Therefore this maintenance of armed forces all over the world on foreign soil is basically wrong, even though such maintenance is with the agreement of the countries concerned . . . I know that it can be said that all this involves risk . . . For my own part, I am quite certain there is no risk."

**Slaves & Sniff.** The speech was astonishing, not only because Nehru carries on an unrelenting, bristling cold war against India's neighboring Pakistan, but because he saw no difference between regimentation and freedom, no difference between attack and defense, no difference between peace at any price and peace with justice.

Before Nehru left New York for a brief visit to Canada, he was buttonholed by New York's aging, retiring, liberal Senator Herbert Lehman, who broached "a matter that has troubled me and many other Americans who are otherwise disposed to be friendly with India." Said Lehman: "I have long wondered why you do not make a moral distinction between the U.S., which has helped free many nations, and the Soviet Union, which has enslaved many nations."

Sniffed India's Jawaharlal Nehru, the mystical man in the middle: "Comparisons are odious."

### The Word for Russia

While world diplomacy was getting a general and airy discussion during Nehru's visit, Secretary of State John Foster Dulles was busy laying down some hard specifics on U.S. relations with the precarious area of Russia and Eastern Europe. At his first press conference since his cancer operation six weeks ago, Dulles fielded more than a score of questions from newsmen, took the occasion to outline some fundamentals that would also be worth Moscow's ear. Items:

☐ The U.S. believes devoutly in genuine independence for Russia's satellites. But



Governor Harriman, Guest Nehru & Mayor Wagner  
Mystical man in the middle.

is Formosa, and to call it China is slightly stretching language."

**Q:** Is it wrong for the free nations of the world to recognize Chiang Kai-shek's government? **A:** "Surely, you don't expect me to be rude to anybody."

**Q:** Do Russia and China form a single Communist bloc? **A:** "No sir, not at all."

**Q:** What of U.S. foreign policy? **A:** "It is a flexible policy adapting itself to circumstances . . . It is not as rigid as I thought."

**Q:** What of Russia's future? **A:** Russia is "passionately desirous of peace . . . is slowly moving towards democratization and liberalization . . . [Stalinism and Marxism are outdated, and anyone who thinks otherwise] is not living in the present."

\* Unfettered by restraints, Nehru told a press conference in Ottawa three days later that the U.S. eventually will have to recognize the "facts of life" about the Chinese Communists. Said he: "There can be no settlement in Asia without [Communist] China having its say."

chief foreign-policy lieutenant, Krishna Menon).

But it was soon clear that Nehru had only been waiting for his tea to steep. On his first night in Manhattan he went before the United Nations General Assembly and poured it on—5,500 words. Eloquently, he dwelt (as he often does) on his recollections of Mohandas Gandhi: "Now, the major lesson that Mr. Gandhi impressed upon us was how to do things, apart from what we did . . . how to proceed in attaining an objective . . . so as not to create a fresh problem in the attempt to solve one problem: never to deal with the enemy in such a way as not to leave a door open for friendship, for reconciliation."

**Pacts & Peace.** Then Nehru left the India he knows so well and wandered piously into the wide, wide world, coming to a rude stop right on the cornerstone of the U.S. foreign-policy attempt to build defenses against a predatory Communist world.

Dulles carefully used the phrase "peaceful evolution" in describing the method by which that independence should come about.

¶ If Russia does permit satellite independence, the U.S. has no intention of trying to convert Eastern Europe into an aggressive weapon against the Soviet.

¶ Once the satellites are honestly independent, the U.S. might review its entire military and political situation in Western Europe. Then and only then would the U.S. be ready to take another look at the Western defense system.

¶ Since the Russians, at Geneva's summit conference, promised reunification of Germany through free elections, the U.S. will not, under any circumstances, enter into negotiations over Europe while Germany is still divided.

Dulles went to infinite pains to point out to the Kremlin that, even while working toward freedom for the satellites, the U.S. has only peaceful purposes. He recalled a conversation about six months ago with "one of Europe's leading figures." Said the European to Dulles: "It's very important that this satellite situation should develop in such a way that the Soviet Union is surrounded by friendly countries." Replied Dulles: "We have no desire whatever that the Soviet Union shall be surrounded by unfriendly countries. But that is not a matter which is in our control as much as it is in the control of the Soviet Union. Unless they move fast, they are going to find that they are going to be surrounded by unfriendly peoples and consequently, in the long run, by unfriendly governments. They have got to move fast or else events will get out of their control."

Just as strenuously, Dulles last week pointed out to the non-Communist world that Communist turmoil is no occasion for Western weakness. Said he: "Whereas perhaps a couple of years ago the Soviet Union felt, and perhaps we felt, that the Soviet could count on 60 or more divisions from the satellite forces to fight on its side, it now looks as though the Soviets could not count on them . . . They might be shooting in the other direction, and it might require a subtraction in the Soviet forces to balance that factor in the equation."

Even so, Dulles continued emphatically, the "problem of military balance" does not yet permit "any reduction in the strength of NATO forces in Europe" (and the current effort to adjust and streamline NATO divisions to make them "more mobile and better adapted to modern warfare" should not be confused with any reduction in strength). Thus, said Dulles, the U.S. will stand pat against those who insist that Russia's problems in Eastern Europe are any excuse for a dilution of strength in Western Europe.

## Harold's Balloon

In spite of vigorous denials, I understand that serious consideration has been given to the idea that the United States might barter the withdrawal of American troops from Germany against a Russian withdrawal from the satellite countries.



DISARMAMENT'S STASSEN  
Pop went the balloon.

Both the Western and Russian policies of the last few years have run their course. Both sides, it is felt here, are groping for new approaches.

So wrote the London *Sunday Times*'s Henry Brandon from Washington last week—and he was by no means alone in his belief that the U.S. foreign policy was about to make a dramatic shift. The New York *Times*, along with a host of other newspapers, revealed that the U.S. had "agreed" on a new peacemaking effort involving negotiations not only toward a watered-down disarmament plan but also toward a considerable reduction in the opposing NATO-Warsaw Pact forces in Europe. Such stories misrepresented actual U.S. policy planning, but the newsmen could hardly be blamed. They were merely reflecting the not-for-attribution opinions of Presidential Disarmament Adviser Harold Stassen.

While Secretary of State Dulles and other U.S. representatives were still in



SAC'S LEMAY  
On went the watch.

Paris at the NATO meeting (Tstr, Dec. 24) trying to persuade the Western allies to maintain NATO's military strength, Harold Stassen met in Washington with newsmen in a confidential briefing session. From that session came the rash of news stories that seemed doubly authoritative because Harold Stassen, in his anonymity, had masked himself as the voice of U.S. policy.

In saying that the U.S. hopes to open new avenues toward disarmament, Stassen was no more than restating the long-obvious fact that the Eisenhower Administration will not cease its disarmament efforts—with realistic safeguards—so long as any possibility of success exists. But in leading his listeners to think that the U.S. may be on the verge of bargaining away NATO's strength, or about to make a cynical deal with the Russians, Harold Stassen flew his trial balloon too high, forced Secretary Dulles to haul it down discreetly at his press conference.

## ARMED FORCES

### Operation Powerhouse

Nearing the end of a Denver speech reviewing the history of U.S. military aviation, Air Force Chief of Staff Nathan F. Twining last week made news heard all the way to Moscow. In a two-week period ending Dec. 11, said Twining, more than 1,000 Strategic Air Command B-47 jet bombers flew nonstop combat training missions averaging 8,000 miles each over North America and the arctic. "This is the first time that the nation's Strategic Air Force has tested the operational capability of its strike force in such large numbers during such a short period of time. These missions demonstrated our capability to launch a retaliatory strike force in minimum time."

Speaking for itself after Twining's speech, SAC pointed out that "Operation Powerhouse" took place during "the change in seasons when the North American continent experiences its worst weather . . . On the day operations were most intense, there were three major weather fronts across the North American continent. The Civil Aeronautics Administration was hard pressed to keep abreast of all SAC and civilian air traffic." Despite such difficulties, tough, exacting General Curtis LeMay's SAC put on a near-perfect display of massive, smooth-functioning air power: every plane took off on schedule, every aerial refueling (the B-47s used some 16 million gallons of fuel during the exercise) was successfully carried out at the proper time in the proper place. The only casualties: three crew members of a B-47 that crashed in western Ontario.

Perhaps the most important fact of the exercise was that Operation Powerhouse, immense as it was, represented only a part of SAC's striking power. Excluded from the operation were SAC's B-52s, B-36s, F-84Fs (fighters with a nuclear strike capability) and a large number of B-47s. These were held in readiness against the event of actual war—for which SAC has stood on round-the-clock guard for the last eight years.



## THE SOUTH

### "A Great Ride"

On a foggy, warm morning last week, the Negro boycott against the Montgomery, Ala., city bus lines came to an end—381 days after it began. The Negroes had won their fight: they rode unsegregated on buses in the Confederacy's birthplace. Desegregation still had a long way to go, but after Montgomery, Jim Crow would never again be quite the same.

The boycott started as a spectacular protest against the arrest (TIME, Jan. 16) of Mrs. Rosa Parks, a Negro seamstress, for refusing to move from the white section of a bus. It ended soon after U.S. District Court Clerk Robert Dodson received official notice that the Supreme Court had refused a rehearing on its earlier ruling

Most whites took the changeover with composure, many with downright good humor. Said a white bank teller of the jubilant Negroes: "They'll find that all they've won in their year of praying and boycotting is the same lousy service I've been getting every day." On one bus a white man sitting near a Negro said loudly and pointedly: "I see this isn't going to be a white Christmas." The Negro looked up, smiled gently, replied firmly: "Yes sir, that's right." Suddenly, astonishingly, everybody on the bus was smiling.

### Integration Delayed

The U.S. Supreme Court's 1954 school desegregation decision, drawled Federal District Judge William Hawley Atwell in Dallas last week, was not based on law but "rather, on what the court regarded



ROSA PARKS IN UNSEGREGATED MONTGOMERY BUS  
Jim Crow will never be quite the same.

United Press

against bus segregation in Montgomery. That afternoon Police Chief G. J. Ruppenthal held a closed meeting of his 150 officers, quietly told them that desegregation would begin immediately. That night the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr., the levelheaded boycott leader, told his fellow Negroes how they should behave. Said he: "Every Negro bears on his shoulders the weight of responsibility of the 50,000 Negroes in Montgomery. Violence must not come from any of us."

King was one of the first to ride on a bus next morning. The driver took one look at him and asked: "Is this the Reverend?" Replied King: "That's right. How much?" Told that the fare was 15¢ (it had been 10¢ when the boycott began), Martin Luther King dropped his coins in the slot, sat down with a white companion. When his trip ended, King murmured thankfully: "It was a great ride." Another who had a great ride that day was Mrs. Rosa Parks, who had started it all. She gazed peacefully out a bus window from a seat of her own choosing.

as more authoritative, modern psychological knowledge than existed at the time that the now-discarded doctrine of equal facilities was initiated . . . I might suggest that if there are civil rights, there are also civil wrongs." So saying, Judge Atwell, a peppery, 87-year-old veteran of 33 years on the federal bench, ruled that the Dallas public schools need not integrate "at the present time."

The Supreme Court's reliance on social science books instead of law books in its desegregation decision has disturbed many lawyers far more friendly to integration than string-tied Southerner Atwell. But the Dallas case brought into focus the question of whether a lower court judge can nullify a Supreme Court decision simply because he does not happen to agree with it. Judge Atwell's ruling is sure to be appealed and almost as certain to be reversed. Nevertheless, the processes of appeal take time—and Judge William Hawley Atwell has singlehandedly staved off integration in Dallas for at least another year.

## AGRICULTURE

### Bountiful Cycle

Despite prolonged drought on the Great Plains and a cold, wet spring elsewhere, the American farmer this year produced a record-tying crop—and once again left it to the Government to get rid of the surplus. Reported the Department of Agriculture last week: 1956 crop volume was 6% higher than the 1947-49 base, matching the records set last year and in 1948. Moreover, the crop was wrung from 14 million fewer acres than were in production in 1955. Explanation of the paradox: increased average yield per acre, reflecting increased use of fertilizers, farm machinery and better production methods.

For Agriculture Secretary Benson the recurrence of a surplus-producing harvest underlined the need to re-examine his flexible (between 75% and 90% of parity) price-support system. Last week came word that his top advisory commission has secretly recommended just such a new look. The gist: he should seek authority to drop supports as low as 60% when supplies are heavy, should not be forced to lift them as high as 90% when surpluses are trimmed. Reason: present law involves Benson in a vicious cycle, i.e., as he successfully acts to dispose of the huge Government-held surpluses, declining stocks at home automatically force the support level up to the maximum 90%, resulting in a new overproduction wave.

Benson, while publicly shying away from the commission's position, personally favors greater freedom in administering the support system. His first goal will be to ask Congress for a new corn program (TIME, Dec. 24). But beyond that, after a suitable period to prepare the ground, Benson will almost certainly come back with a new request that the entire price-support system be overhauled.

## THE MIDWEST

### Battle of the Waters

The bottleneck was at the Alton (Ill.) lock, just below the point where the Illinois River, fed in part from Lake Michigan by way of the man-made Chicago Sanitary and Ship Canal, joins the sluggish Mississippi in its 2,350-mile sweep to the Gulf. There, as many as 200 Chicago-bound barges were stalled at one time this fall as the water in the lower sill, diminished by the four-year drought in the Mississippi Valley (TIME, Dec. 17), fell from its normal (9 ft.) level to a bottom-scraping 6 ft., thus forcing the carriers to lighten their loads if they were to proceed. For the shippers the lightening was time-consuming and expensive (up to \$1,000,000 a month). But the jam-up was even more critical to Chicagoans: as winter approached, it threatened them with a fuel crisis, since many of the barges carry coal and oil.

**Temporary Increase.** To this crisis last week Washington flashed an emergency answer. The signaller: the U.S. Supreme Court, which in 1930, after a hot legal battle between Illinois and other major



Great Lakes areas, had limited the amount of water Chicago could divert from Lake Michigan for canal use to 1,500 cu. ft. a second. Reason for the limitation: by diverting larger amounts in the past (claimed the Great Lakes group), Chicago had reduced the lakes' water level to a point harmful to lake shipping. The court's new decree, answering an Illinois petition backed by seven other Mississippi Valley states and actively opposed only by Wisconsin among the Great Lakesers: a temporary (through Jan. 31) increase to 8,500 cu. ft. a second. The effects were magical. Within hours, twelve oil barges started northward from New Orleans, and by week's end, as Army engineers opened the Chicago and inland locks in easy stages, the jam-up at Alton lock was well on its way to being eased.

Doubly magical was the effect on Chicago's Sanitary District, which for years has been pressing for greater water diversion to aid Chicago sewage disposal as well as inland navigation. Twice since 1953 it has seen Congress pass and President Eisenhower veto bills authorizing experimental increases to 2,500 cu. ft. a second for three years, during which time the Army engineers would be supposed to study the effects on the lakes. Now, by virtue of the decree, it had won—even though for a limited period—not only more water for itself but a chance to check how badly lake shipping and power interests would really be hurt by added siphonage. Chortled Sanitary District President Anthony A. Ollis: a "milestone" has been reached that will make it easier for Illinois to get an increased diversion bill enacted into law.

**Calling the Wisny-Washy.** The prediction brought Wisconsin, and especially the port city of Milwaukee, flailing into the battle of the waters. City officials declared they would rally the Great Lakes states to fight new diversion attempts. Moreover, they said, if Illinois seeks extension of the temporary increase, they would insist that Wisconsin's attorney general file objections with the court, and would expect the "wishy-washy Lake states," which did not resist the temporary diversion, to join the fight.

Explained Milwaukee Port Director



Time Map by R. M. Chapin, Jr.



Thomas Dexter Stevens

#### GOVERNOR-ELECT DEL SESTO & FAMILY\*

After the long count, a knockout.

Harry C. Brockel: "The Supreme Court decision creates a dangerous precedent . . . The Great Lakes have a great many jobs of their own to do without becoming the village water tower for the eastern half of the United States. Enough of these diversion plans will pull the cork out of the bathtub."

### POLITICAL NOTES Rhode Island Republican

Victorious in three campaigns for governor of Rhode Island, Democrat Dennis J. Roberts faced a new kind of threat last fall, Republican Challenger Christopher Del Sesto could entice heavily Italian-American Rhode Island with an Italian name. He was also a well-known, friendly ex-Democrat who had gaged ten years ago on Democratic bureaucracy. Last week, completing a count of absentee and shut-in ballots that has dragged on since Nov. 20, weary election supervisors finally confirmed Dennis Roberts' fears. Winning by a slim 427 votes out of almost 390,000 cast, stocky, greying Chris Del Sesto, 49, was elected Rhode Island's first Republican governor in 16 years.

**Cold Shoulder.** The son of immigrant parents, Del Sesto learned accounting at Boston University ('28), found ample opportunity one year later to put theory to practice auditing the books of collapsing brokerage houses. Entering the state treasurer's office, he eventually became chief accountant, caught the eye of Governor Theodore Francis Green. Green appointed him budget director and controller. When Green went to the Senate in 1937,\* he found Del Sesto a Government accounting job in Washington, which Del Sesto used to finance his

way through Georgetown University law school. After getting his degree, he returned to Providence, in 1941 became Governor (later U.S. Senator) J. Howard McGrath's finance director. When war came, he was appointed Rhode Island's price-control boss.

It was after the war that Del Sesto had a falling out with his party. Says he: "I considered the OPA a temporary wartime emergency agency. But I saw signs that the Democratic Administration wanted to perpetuate it as another bureaucracy." Cold-shouldered by Democrats for publicly expressing his views, Del Sesto switched to the Republicans, in 1952 ran for mayor of Providence.

**Helped Out.** As "a 100% Eisenhower man," Del Sesto this year jumped back into the political wars to block Dennis Roberts' fourth-term ambitions. Young Republicans organized an effective doorbell campaign. Disgruntled state employees flocked to ex-Employee Del Sesto's support. Attractive Lola Del Sesto and their three sons gave him an emotional appeal that Bachelor Denny Roberts did not have. Most important of all, much of the Italian-American vote shook off Democratic habit to boost a man with a name like Del Sesto.

The decision in, Chris Del Sesto last week planned towards a double goal: molding a good administration and rebuilding Rhode Island's Republican Party. In the latter assignment he was receiving assistance from an unexpected quarter. Disheartened Dennis Roberts took court action to have 5,602 tide-turning absentee and shut-in ballots disqualified. But a sizable number of Democrats were disgusted by his antics. Said one angrily: "Roberts has done to the party in minutes what the G.O.P. has failed to do in years."

\* Green, now the Senate's dean, is 89. If he should retire or die during Del Sesto's administration, the new governor would likely appoint Republican Bayard Rustin, 40, a Providence lawyer and Republican National Committeeman.

\* Seated: wife Lola, and Gregory; 7; standing: Christopher, 21, Ronald, 16.



Albert Ferns—Liaison

BEARDMORE GLACIER (FOREGROUND) & PEAKS GUARDING APPROACH TO THE SOUTH POLE

## EXPLORATION Compelling Continent (See Cover)

Wrapped around the flattened underside of the earth is a massive, high-domed shield of rock and ice. This is the Antarctic Continent, a frozen and almost lifeless wasteland studded with glistening mountains that stand like icy tombstones over a cosmos-sized graveyard. In its skies, angry clouds drift over seas of corrugated *sastrugi* and sparkling glacial spillways. To the explorer this continent of 5,000,000 square miles—three-fourths as big as the U.S. and Canada combined—is a geologic throwback to the Ice Age. It is the world's most hostile environment of earth and air, a land of near motionless molecules and rapacious winds, a patchwork of ice fields with blue-seamed crevasses and jumbled hummock beds, all set tenuously on a continent rumbling with pressure and restlessness with movement.

In the continent's center is a vast and featureless plateau 750 miles across and two miles high. And here, protruding into space, is the heartland of the antarctic's terror, the vat where much of its wrath and weather is brewed. Over this plateau sweep winds from distant seas, and here snow crystals have fallen like elder down, layer on layer, millennium on millennium. The meridians of the earth converge upon this great snow desert, closing in to pinpoint that half mystical, half mythical objective of adventurers, scientists and explorers, the South Pole. At the Pole the temperature may drop as low as 120° below zero, and there, as far as any man knows, no creature has ever survived the long antarctic winter night.

Last week the clatter of hammers, the whine of saws, the growl of a tractor shattered the Pole's chill silence. Under the skilled hands of 24 U.S. Navy Sea-

bees, a tiny community of six multihued polar huts was rising from the snow—the home, for many months to come, of 18 American scientists and Navy men.

**No Second Chances.** As the Seabees worked, a bulky figure in mohair-lined parka, Byrd Cloth coveralls and heavy boots moved among them, carefully, almost instinctively checking every construction detail. For no man knows better than Paul Allman Siple that the antarctic tolerates few mistakes, permits even fewer second chances. At 48, Paul Siple (rhymes with disciple) has spent more time on the continent than any other person. He came there first as an eager, wide-eyed Sea Scout with the Byrd expedition of 1928-30; when he leaves it for the sixth time, in February 1958, some 5½ years of polar life will lie behind him.

A ponderous, thick-girthed giant (6 ft. 1 in., 250 lbs.), Siple moves inexhaustibly from job to job at the remote and lonely Pole station. As the camp's scientific leader, he saw to it that each of the items among the 450 tons of supplies parachuted from Air Force and Navy transports was retrieved, catalogued and stored. If the parachutes failed, the gear had to be dug out from beneath as much as 15 ft. of snow and ice. The camp's huts were put on stilts: on the surface they would become uncomfortably humid as their radiated heat melted the snow beneath them. Oil stoves had to be checked; properly installed, they are the antarctic's greatest comfort, but explosion can bring fiery death, and carbon monoxide, silent extinction.

To the camp's bubble-domed science building, Siple gave his most loving attention. Painstakingly he made certain that only copper and brass nails were used to hold the frame together (steel would interfere with magnetic readings). Cautic soda and aluminum chips to make

hydrogen gas for meteorological balloons were carefully stowed so that they would be convenient in winter's long dark. The subterranean ice cellar for the seismographs was laid out so that the vibration of tractor and Weasel (the antarctic jeep) would not be confused with the vibration of distant earthquakes.

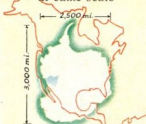
**One for the Navy.** The scientific research is the Pole camp's reason for being, and from this site in the coming months Siple and his co-workers will seek secrets hidden for eons in the ancient ice and wild skies of the antarctic. (It is literally true that more is known of the sunlit side of the moon than of the white face of the antarctic.) In this broad task they will not be alone. Some 65 other American scientists—meteorologists, glaciologists, seismologists, physicists and upper-atmosphere specialists—will be doing the same at six other widely scattered bases on the continent (*see maps*). And ranged in support of all of them will be the ships, men and know-how of the U.S. Navy's Task Force 43.<sup>2</sup>

When the U.S. put its antarctic program under way, it handed to the Navy the immense and complex task of establishing and maintaining its polar-region bases. The Navy dubbed its assignment Operation Deep Freeze, and set to work in 1954. As dean of American polar explorers, 68-year-old Admiral Richard Evelyn Byrd was given the title (largely honorary) of Officer in Charge, U.S. Antarctic Programs. Command of the naval forces on the scene went to Rear Admiral George J. Dufek, 53, a salty, brisk, blue-water sailor who had made a reputation as a

<sup>2</sup> Eleven other nations, Britain, France, Russia, Norway, Australia, New Zealand, Argentina, Chile, South Africa, Belgium and Japan, are carrying on similar antarctic programs. All data will be exchanged freely as part of the International Geophysical Year studies of 1957-58.

# CONQUEST OF ANTARCTICA

Antarctica and America at same scale



## Routes of Major Expeditions

- Cook, 1772-75
- Ross, 1839-43
- Shackleton, 1907, 15
- Scott, 1912
- Amundsen, 1911, Norw.
- Byrd, 1929
- Ellsworth, 1935
- Wilkes, 1840
- De Gerlache, 1897-99, Belgian
- Wilkins, 1928, Australian

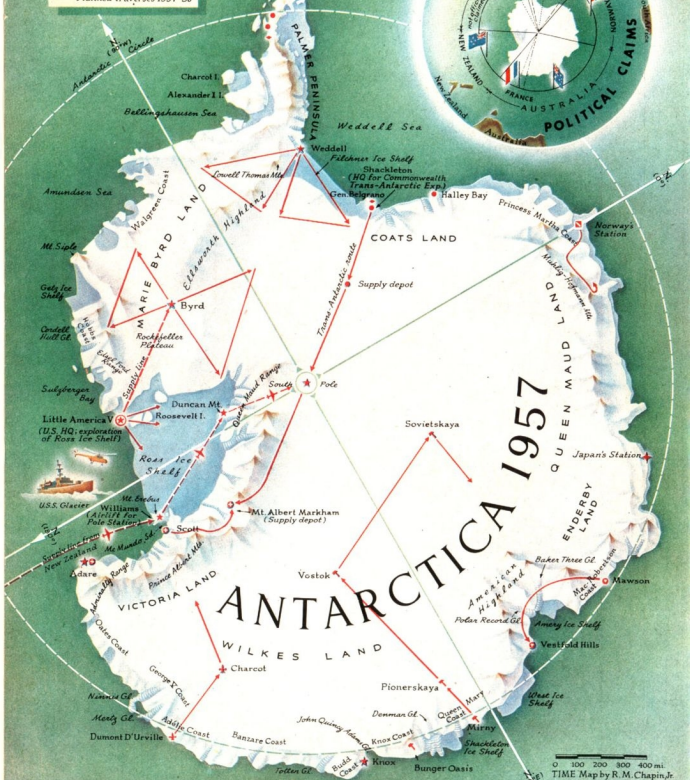
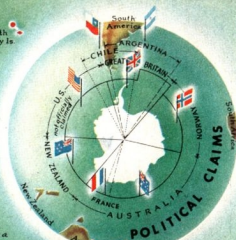




★ United States	★ Soviet Union
★ Great Britain	★ France
★ New Zealand	★ Chile
★ Australia	★ Argentina
★ Existing	Glacier
★ Planned	Ice Shelf

United States		Soviet Union
Great Britain		France
New Zealand		Chile
Australia		Argentina
Existing		Glacier
Planned		Ice Shelf

Planned Traverses 1957-58



0 100 200 300 400 mi.  
TIME Map by R. M. Chapin, Jr.

top ice navigator on two earlier expeditions, was called back from retirement to take on the new assignment.

**Early Landing.** Task Force 43 is Dufek's strong right arm, and for his assault on Antarctica he selected Christchurch, N.Z., 2,250 miles distant, as his staging base. In December 1955 the task force moved south into the antarctic's outer defenses. At 40°, still thousands of miles from the Pole, the ships wallowed through the "Roaring Forties." Beyond them lay the "Furious Fifties" and the "Screaming Sixties," where the air and waters of the great ocean systems clash, swirl and spin off great gales, and at 63° began the outer edge of the ice pack that surrounds the continent like an enormous white halo.

Leading the way for the supply ships was *Glacier*, an 8,600-ton, 21,000-h.p., monster that can hammer its way through 15 ft. of ice. It slammed into the Ross Sea ice pack at 17 knots; when it failed to shatter the ice frontally, it rode up on the cakes and smashed them with its enormous weight. Thus *Glacier* cleared a 400-mile passage to the towering ice cliffs that mark the Ross Sea's shoreline. The landing, on Dec. 18, was, seasonally speaking, the earliest ever made on the antarctic mainland.

**Frozen Beachheads.** Dufek's immediate objective was to establish beachheads for the major assault. To accomplish this, his construction crews swarmed ashore at McMurdo Sound and at Little America V, near the base camp of four earlier American expeditions, some 450 miles to the east across the Ross Sea ice. So swiftly did his crews work that by the time the thickening March ice forced the ships to withdraw, 93 men were set up in winter quarters at McMurdo, 73 at Little America. Orders for the wintering-over party on the sound; build an airstrip from which other U.S. bases in the antarctic could be supplied in 1956.

From the first it was a tense race



NORWAY'S AMUNDSEN  
Skill and victory.

International



Lt. John R. Swenson

DUFEK'S PARTY AT THE POLE  
From eleven bottles, a wrench and a stagger.

against time. If Operation Deep Freeze was to remain on schedule, if Paul Siple and the other scientists were to be at their instruments when the International Geophysical Year began, then McMurdo had to be ready to handle air traffic by the time the antarctic summer returned in October. Working under floodlights and headlights, in temperatures as low as 69° below zero, the McMurdo crews moved a million cubic feet of loose snow off the site selected for the 6,000-ft. field. A blizzard promptly blew the snow back on. When they tried to freeze the surface with sea water, their pumps froze. Then, when they got the pumps working, the treacherous salt leached through the ice and created mushy pockets that would not support airplanes.

Desperately, putting in two 12-hour shifts a day, Dufek's men set to work at a new site. On Oct. 17, 1956, the day after the camp cheered completion of the job, a Navy Skymaster with Dufek aboard came rumbling out of the antarctic sky and touched down after the long flight from Christchurch. ("Landing on that strip," said the Navy's crack polar flyer William Hawkes, "is like landing in a bowling alley in somebody's basement.")

**Into the Interior.** With spring daylight Operation Deep Freeze got into high gear. Task Force 43 poured men and supplies ashore at the two Ross Sea bases. From Little America a tractor train pushed deep into the previously unexplored heart of Marie Byrd Land to set up a year-round base. From McMurdo on Oct. 31, Dufek and other high-ranking task force officers rode a Navy R4D (a modified DC-3 named the *Que Sera, Sera*) to a tricky ski landing—the first landing ever made at the South Pole.

Dufek was the first out of the plane, the second man since Norway's great Roald Amundsen (1911) and the first since Britain's doughty Robert Falcon Scott

(1912) to feel Pole snow crunch underfoot. He was slapped in the face with a minus-58° cold, 90° below freezing. ("It was like getting slammed with a piece of ice.") Quickly he and another officer chopped an 18-in. hole in the snow with an alpine ice ax and planted an American flag. Into the bamboo flagstaff Dufek stuffed a letter verifying that he was there. Someone set out radar reflectors which would pinpoint the Pole for the flights that were to follow.

Then, with frostbite already showing on Dufek's nose, the party stomped back into the airplane, its engines still turning over. But when Pilot Conrad Shinn gunned his engines and fired four JATO (jet assist) bottles for take-off, the R4D stuck fast, its skis frozen to the icy sur-



BRITAIN'S SCOTT  
Courage and death.

International





Albert Fenn-Litt

ADMIRAL DUFUK & SIPLE AT MCMURDO SERVICES  
Tinkling crystals, unearthly silences and germs from home.

face. Only by blasting off his eleven remaining JATO bottles did Shinn wrench the plane loose and stagger into the thin air at well below normal take-off speed. Back at McMurdo, Dufek ordered establishment of the Siple camp delayed for two weeks ("If it was too cold for me, it will be too cold for those Seabees"), then headed off to the hospital with a serious case of bronchitis.

**The Violent Land.** The men of Operation Deep Freeze found the continent a harsh, hauntingly beautiful and, above all, strange land. The snow crystals that drift down over its great central plateau seem dry as sand. Yet, because there is little ablation—return of moisture to the atmosphere—this light precipitation has become a glacier of up to a mile or more in depth. Under its own weight the ice moves glacially, spilling down off the plateau, flowing imperceptibly but inexorably toward the sea, squeezing through valleys, crawling over hills, plunging down the sides of mountains in great frozen cataracts. What it does not bury or crush, it encircles. And finally, at the continent's rim, it meets the frozen seas, and ice battles ice on a titanic scale. Vast crevasses shudder open along the tortured ridges; ice rafts as large as the state of Connecticut are torn loose from the continental shelf and set floating like derelict monsters in the frigid waters.

Storms with winds up to 200 miles an hour sometimes come howling like banshees down off the highlands, often to be followed by unearthly silences. The antarctic has other tricks: when a man breathes its winter air, he not only can see but hear his breath, for as the frozen moisture drifts back across his face, its tinkling break against his ears with the tinkling of hundreds of tiny bells. When the uncertain light of an overcast day is trapped beneath the clouds above and the snow below, everything between fills with a thick and milky film, devoid of feature

or contrast. This is a white-out, and in it, pilots may become dizzy and nauseated as they grope blindly for a surface which can vanish even as they come in for their landing. On the ground, in a white-out, a man cannot tell whether a dark spot ahead is a distant mountain—or a matchbook cover on the snow 50 ft. away. When he looks down he may see his feet but not the surface that he stands on. And when the winds finally sweep the milky film away, they can drive the granular snow so furiously across the continent's face that static electricity is generated, and phantom flames dance eerily in the blinding drift.

**Kindness & Contempt.** The antarctic, with all its grandeur, is far more contemptuous of man's machines than of man himself. In the winter cold, kerosene pours like oil and oil pours like molasses. Machines wear out fast when lubricants congeal, and engine metal becomes brittle and shatters in the bitter temperatures. Electrical systems fail when their rubber protection disintegrates; Prestone antifreeze freezes solid. Polar flights leave the Air Force's massive Globemasters coated with tons of ice, and there are few occasions when ice, clouds, storms and magnetic interference do not harry navigators almost beyond endurance.

Yet the antarctic can be strangely kind. Its eternally frigid air is of such pristine purity that few germs survive; men at the American bases catch cold only after receiving packages from home. No metal rusts, no wood rots. (Food left by the Scott expedition in 1910-13 is still perfectly preserved in 1956.)

From March 22 to Sept. 22 the antarctic is in twilight or darkness; at the Pole, Sept. 22 to March 22, the sun never sets. Both perpetual light and perpetual dark throw the waking and sleeping mechanism of humans out of balance. At McMurdo Sound insomniacs have established the continent's largest and most thriving

social order: "The Big Eye Club." Its membership's chief off-duty activity: drinking coffee while waiting for sheer fatigue to bring on sleep.

**The Modern Touch.** Little can be done for the insomniacs, but the planners of Deep Freeze, Dufek's Task Force 43, and the attached Air Force crews and Army specialists have left little else undone to assure the comfort and efficiency of the men ashore. The expedition's supply list contains almost a quarter-million items, ranging from electric blankets to automatic washing machines and including refrigerators (some foods are damaged by the extreme natural cold), cooky cutters and cake decorators (for birthday parties) and sun lamps (for winter tans).

Off duty, the men occasionally take overnight camping trips "just to get away from this damn place." They ski or slide down nearby hills—at speeds up to 20 miles an hour—on the seats of their well-insulated pants. One hard-working practical joker spent several days sprinkling geologic specimens from Greenland over the antarctic ice, simply to throw the geologists into a flap. Every Saturday night McMurdo relaxes at a "happy hour," a period of no-limit drinking during which the camp physician turns bartender, pours with a free hand "medicinal" alcohol fondly known as Old Methuselah. Under its benign influence, even Big Eye Clubbers find relief from their problems.

Among the things that fail to attract enthusiastic followers: news broadcasts. When radio reception is good, few listen; during the Hungarian rebellion and the fighting in the Mideast, Dufek's men paid little attention. Their physical isolation is too great; the rest of the world is too far away. Even enforced celibacy is no real problem. As Admiral Byrd once said,



Underwood & Underwood  
EXPLORERS BYRD & SIPLE (1928)  
"A man's work."

"The greatest lack in the antarctic is the lack of temptation."

In their isolation men find new values. Serious quarrels are rare, disruptive cliques and factions almost nonexistent. Figuratively and literally, no man walks alone in the antarctic. By sheer necessity men pair off and assume responsibility for each other's welfare under the "buddy system." Each depends on the other for everything from detection of facial frostbite (the victim seldom feels it) to help when the hours hang heavy and the winter night stretches ahead into infinity. Few men who have lived such a life come from it unchanged.

"Once you've been here," Paul Siple sums it up, "there's something a little special about you—everyone feels it, and so do you. I think this may be what draws people down here, and even though they hate it, they feel it's worth buying with a little time and a little discomfort. It will last them a lifetime."

**The Right Man.** Of all the men now living and working on the frozen continent, few are better fitted by character, inclination and background for the assignment than Siple. Even with Byrd's first expedition he quickly won his explorer's spurs. A 19-year-old whose boyhood in Erie, Pa., had centered around Scouting (he had earned 60 merit badges before joining Byrd), he was jolted but not defeated by the salty, four-letter expletives and the sloppy, earthy habits of his hard-bitten shipmates on the way south. Big, strong, self-sufficient, Paul ignored them, won a spot as a regular deckhand, shoveled as much coal, scraped as many barnacles, and demonstrated as sound seamanship as any man aboard.

The same qualities stood him well at Little America. When no one wanted the job of collecting penguins and seals for the American Museum of Natural History, Siple volunteered, even though "I don't have a merit badge in skinning." By the expedition's end he was a proficient if dogged taxidermist. He learned, too, how to train and handle a dog team. Among the theories: never bend down, never fall down, and never excrete near them. For 22 months in 1928-30, as Admiral Byrd recalls it, "Paul did a man's work."

Back from his first expedition, Siple reentered Allegheny College at Meadville, Pa., as a sophomore, soon met a pretty young freshman, Ruth Johannesmeyer. Carrying almost twice the normal academic load to make up for the years he had lost in the antarctic, busy writing a book (*A Boy Scout with Byrd*) and lecturing before dazzled Scouts and service clubs, he carried on a desultory courtship. But one night he was enticed to a college dance, and as he struggled happily through the steps, a sudden thought struck him: "My God, so this is why people like to dance!"

**Geography on the Honeycomb.** This homeside discovery was not enough to quell his wanderlust. He toured Europe, North Africa and the Mideast (hiking from the Sea of Galilee to the Dead Sea), then returned to the antarctic with Byrd

as chief biologist of the 1933-35 expedition. Home again, Siple decided he wanted to be a geographer ("a safe way around the crevasse of specialization which scientists in other fields fall into") and enrolled as a graduate student at Clark University in Worcester, Mass. Not long afterward he also made up his mind about romance; six years after they had met, he and Ruth Johannesmeyer were married, in the winter of 1936. Their honeymoon, she recalls without rancor, was spent at a geography seminar in Syracuse, N.Y. Today Ruth accepts his long and frequent absences philosophically: "I don't think a wife should do or say anything that would take away from her husband's work."

In 1939-41, Siple made his third trip south with Byrd, served not only as leader of West Base, Little America III, but as navigator on all exploratory flights over

late in 1953. Byrd pushed his onetime protégé hard and successfully for the coveted South Pole command ("A born scientist . . . the best-equipped man there is for this kind of work"). Siple's close and continuing friendship with Byrd (forced by bad health to stay at home in Boston) has proved to be a mixed blessing in the antarctic. Some senior officers of Task Force 43 have found the aging Byrd a difficult man to deal with, and as a "Byrd man," Siple has inherited some of their antagonism. But Siple, the oldest polar hand of them all, has carried the buddy-system philosophy even to these austere levels of disagreement. "Intolerance," he says, "is a symptom of someone's inability to adjust to the next guy's faults."

So Operation Deep Freeze rolls on according to plan. As he labored with the Seabees at the Pole camp last week, Siple



PAUL SIPLE & FAMILY<sup>®</sup> IN ARLINGTON, VA.  
Then off to the world's most hostile environment.

the continent. When he returned to the U.S. in 1941, he was met at dockside in New York by an Army officer who explained that the Army wanted him to become its cold-weather-clothing adviser. First as a civilian, later as a quartermaster officer, he directed weather-and-clothing research for the Army during World War II, played a key role in the development of such gear as the thermal-barrier boot and the cold-weather parka. Retired as a lieutenant colonel, Siple joined the Army general staff as military geographer, but had hardly settled down to family life with his wife and three daughters in Arlington, Va. before he was off to the antarctic again, this time as the Army's senior observer with the Navy's 1946-47 cold-weather-training exercise, Operation Highjump.

**Byrd Man.** When the first plans for the International Geophysical Year Expedition were being discussed in Washington

knew that the full weight of the biggest, best-organized expedition in antarctic history was solidly behind him.

**Hands & Hearts.** Yet, when the winter night closes in next April, when the aurora australis shimmers green and yellow along the horizon, when help from the outside can no longer reach the Pole, the success or failure of the mission will rest solely in the hands and hearts of Paul Siple and the 17 men who are with him at the Pole.

For them the antarctic will become again the antarctic of an earlier day. It will be the same savage, mysterious, compelling continent it was when, 46 years ago, Norway's Roald Amundsen pitted his skill and cunning and courage against it and won, and Britain's Robert Falcon Scott pitted his against it and lost.

© From left: Mary Cathrin, 10; Mrs. Siple, Jane Paulette, 14; Ann Byrd, 16.

# FOREIGN NEWS

## POLAND

### The Greater Risk

Poland's wiry Wladyslaw Gomułka was quietly pleased. Into Warsaw last week flew Russia's Foreign Minister Dmitry Shepilov and Defense Minister Georgy Zhukov. They got no ceremonial welcome, and they stayed less than 24 hours. But before they left, they had put their names to the first public Russian agreement conceding a satellite any rights to the move-

extra divisions. Presumably, the Poles were negotiating to get them out.

After the signing, toasts were cordial. Polish Premier Jozef Cyrankiewicz toasted "dear Comrade Shepilov" and "dear Comrade Zhukov." Shepilov saluted "friendly and fraternal Poland," hailed the agreement as "a striking example of a new type of international relations established among socialist countries."

What Russia promises and what Russia delivers are often two different things. But

kept in check by the way in which Communist Gomułka has achieved a provisional and perilous independence. The stir and prod of the Polish people on Gomułka, and the concessions he must make, are the best chance that Poland will achieve a peaceful transition from puppet state to the Finland model of cautious independence—but independence nonetheless—in the shadow of its big neighbors.

If Gomułka fails, the Russians and everyone else face the danger of another, and bloodier, Hungarian situation. Gomułka has appealed to Washington for loans to weather Poland's desperate winter. So far he has gotten much sympathy but no action; the question is still under debate. The Russians themselves know that in case of trouble they cannot be sure which way Poland's guns would point. They had a vivid demonstration when, in the first days of the October crisis, all Polish MIGs were ordered to fly to Russian air bases. Not one was flown.



RUSSIA'S ZHUKOV & POLAND'S GOMULKA (RIGHT)\*  
Which way would the guns point?

United Press

ment and disposal of Soviet troops stationed on its territory.

On paper, at least, the 21-article agreement was a model of scrupulous regard between self-respecting allies. The Russians conceded that their troops would not move from their bases or conduct training exercises without Polish consent. Soviet military personnel would "respect and observe" Polish law, be tried in Polish courts for any crimes or misdemeanors committed against the Polish population. The Russians promised never, never to use their troops to influence Polish domestic affairs, and the document emphasized and reiterated that their stay was "temporary."

"Dear Comrade." Some crucial questions were still to "be determined by special agreement." One: Who will pay for the support of the troops? In Moscow last month Gomułka had indicated that the Russians had agreed to shoulder all expenses. Another question concerned the number, deployment and movement of Soviet units into and out of the country. Gomułka had already agreed that six Russian divisions should stay on in Poland "protecting the sanctity of the Oder-Neisse line," but during the October crisis the Russians had moved in a reported five

Western experts consider the agreement a clear victory for Gomułka. For contrast, they point to the treatment of the Rumanian delegation that recently journeyed to Moscow to ask for a similar agreement. The Rumanians were baldly told that Russian troops will remain in Rumania, and that was that. By its very existence, the Polish agreement created a hope and a promise to the Poles that the Russians must meet their obligations—or arouse the Poles' anger if they do not.

**Dearer Prize.** In Russian eyes Poland is a greater prize and a greater risk than Hungary. Poland is industrialized, populous (27.5 million) and strategically lodged between Berlin and Moscow. Hungary is agricultural, far less populous (9,800,000) and relatively remote. The Polish army has 25 divisions (to Hungary's 15)—or numerically more divisions than France, Britain or the U.S.

These comparisons do not tell the whole story, for they leave out the way Hungary's brave defiance of superior odds has seized the world's imagination. But in Poland, say all reports, the fires of freedom smolder as hotly as in Hungary. They are

## RUSSIA

### Youth's Year

The first thing that First Party Secretary Nikita Khrushchev did after his sensational speech attacking the "cult of personality" last February was to call a meeting of the Central Committee of the Communist Party to have it confirm his denunciation of Stalin policy. Last week, meeting again to review the effect of his policy, the Committee faced an agenda studded with disaster.

Destalinization had sparked a revolt in Poland, a revolution in Hungary, strikes in the Ukraine, widespread unrest in East Germany, Lithuania, and Estonia. Most of these disturbances could be tied to the youth of those countries. Young people, many of them nominally Communists, had taken seriously Khrushchev's thesis that a new day was dawning, and were pressing actively for freedom and reforms. In Russia itself youth was also on the move, and did not seem to care whose sacred feet it trod on. Rising to address a youth rally at Moscow University recently, Khrushchev was greeted with a continuous thunder of applause that prevented him from speaking. Thus the Moscow students expressed their contempt for the present Communist leadership and expressed their solidarity with the youth of Poland and Hungary.

Last week Moscow sources found the Central Committee in two minds about how to deal with the youth problem. On the one hand there were pious calls for the "reindoctrination in Marxism-Leninism," and on the other hand an evident intention to crack down on students and unruly youths. Communist newspapers were demanding that the authorities jail "hoologians" and force schools to fight "enemy appearances." It was the kind of confusion in high places that caused all the trouble in the first place.

\* Center: Polish Defense Minister Spychalski.

## HUNGARY

### The Ideological Struggle

Militarily and economically, agreed the few Western newsmen in Budapest last week, the Hungarian revolution was at an end. After eight weeks of valiant resistance, the nation's patriots, intellectuals, youths and workers were finding the Communist police system too much for them. Guerrillas were leaving the frost-whipped hills and woods. Factory workers, stood over by Russian "production police," were reluctantly facing their machines.

Western observers, however, were careful to qualify judgment of the incredible Hungarians with such statements as "morally and psychologically, the revolution is as strong as ever." Something like that was acknowledged by Premier Kadar in an interview with Communist East German correspondents. Said Kadar: "The military defeat has been completed. It will be the ideological struggle that will be the most important."

By ideological struggle, Kadar obviously meant his failure to persuade the people that his regime was good for them. In several areas the workers' councils refused to accept his decree outlawing them. According to Kadar's official *Nep Szabad-sag*, Heves county, northeast of Budapest, was virtually a rebel stronghold whose villagers "just jeer at the order and carry on their activities . . ." But Kadar's biggest headache was the coal miners. Less than half of Hungary's 100,000 miners were at work, and coal production was down an estimated 70%. Last week those coal miners who had not either fled or fallen in the fighting sent Kadar a spunky, three-point ultimatum demanding 1) his immediate resignation, 2) withdrawal of Soviet forces to their barracks, 3) free elections.

This was the miners' answer to a Presidential Council decree re-establishing the old Stalinist internment system, by which the police may arrest and hold without trial "persons whose activity or behavior endangers public order." The decree was accompanied by a burst of government publicity defending the new police force and denying that it was identified with the old AVH or would use "former criminal methods."

But the new AVH acted exactly like Rakosi's old bullyboys. In one day they arrested 400 "rebels and criminals." Five of the arrested were condemned to death and one executed, said Radio Budapest, hinting at mass trials to come. Western sources gave a grimmer estimate of AVH efficiency: over a period of "several days," Western diplomats reported, 241 persons had been executed by summary courts-martial, 170 of them in Budapest.

The new AVH shared headquarters with the joint Soviet-Hungarian Police Committee (probable chairman: Soviet Police Boss Ivan Serov). To Hungarians this was proof that while it might suit the Russians to appear to be withdrawing, leaving Premier Janos Kadar to work out his own solution, they were, in fact, still in control.

## AUSTRIA

### The Visitor

The bad weather that dogged him virtually ever since he left home was there with a vengeance as Dick Nixon climbed into a car in Vienna bound for the refugee camps near the Hungarian border. A thick mist scummed the windshields as the 30-car motorcade rolled eastward under the grey sky toward Andau, a scant kilometer from the border. The mud was ankle-deep along the roadside, and the heavy mist was raw and penetrating. The weather failed to daunt the 300-odd refugees gathered at the camp, and it equally failed to



REFUGEES & FRIEND IN AUSTRIA  
"The U.S. must do more."

daunt the Vice President of the U.S. who stepped from the car, trim and neat in black shoes, black suit and black Homburg.

**Good Fellowship.** A Red Cross lunch of soup, bread, cheese and sliced sausage was about to be served when the visitor entered the camp dining hall. It was promptly forgotten as photographers and newsmen milled among the refugees who were swarming to greet the caller. Holding his own bravely in the melee, Nixon had a word or a smile or a handshake for anyone who could reach him. "I wish we had time to greet you all personally," he said. The refugees responded with a rousing, "Long live Hungarian-American friendship."

From Andau, the motorcade moved on to the bigger camp at Eisenstadt, through which about 60,000 refugees have passed en route to other lands. Ten thousand of them were at the camp when he arrived. Once again, there was the press of newsmen and refugees, the snatches of conversation, the handshakes and the good wishes, and once again on Nixon's part a winning display of cordial good fellowship. After that came Traiskirchen, another camp, another crowd. The visitor's one quiet moment came as he attended a Christmas party and play for the refugee

children in the camp auditorium. When the play was done, the Virgin, a plump eight-year-old, and one of her angels sat happily on the Vice President's lap as all of them sang *Silent Night*.

**Sneak to the Border.** Next day Dick Nixon returned to Vienna to talk with hard-pressed Austrian officials, and to inspect the quarters where refugees seeking entry to the U.S. are processed. On leaving the headquarters, he insisted on abandoning his car to stroll along the crowded Vienna street and chat with passers-by. The Viennese, like the Hungarians in the refugee camps, were astonished: the hand-shaking stroll, a fixture of the U.S. political scene, was a novelty to Europeans, but they appeared delighted.

In the middle of the night, telling newsmen nothing about it, Nixon headed for the Hungarian border in a limousine, transferring to a tractor for the last muddy stretch. He arrived just as two Hungarian girls were sneaking across the border in the predawn light. He asked them, as he had asked many of the refugees, what made them want to escape. "A search for safety," was the reply through an interpreter. The girls were astonished to learn his identity. Said Nixon later: "It wasn't me, of course, but my office that impressed and surprised them—the fact that I was the second man to the President and was there to greet them."

Himself much impressed by all that he had seen, Nixon summed up his trip: "It is obvious that Austria, the U.S. and other free nations have done a great deal . . . However, I am convinced that the U.S. must do more than it already has done."

## SUEZ

### Her Majesty's U.N. Navy

It was time for the British to pull out of the Suez again.

The second going seemed even more painful than the first last June. Determined to minimize final leave-taking, the British and French dragged their feet on Port Said's waterfront, and overstayed their appointed departure time by at least two days. Bit by grudging bit, they inched back from the canal highway, from the airfield, from the battered city itself, until at last they had handed over all authority to the Swedes, Danes and Norwegians of the U.N. Expeditionary Force. Then the last thousand "beachhead" troops ended the 48-day occupation and marched aboard the ships that had been waiting for them all the time.

With carrier planes circling overhead and ten destroyers guarding their flanks, they sailed slowly north out of the wreck-cluttered harbor and faded into the wintry Mediterranean dusk. The troops themselves were glad to go; it had not been pleasant duty on their sector, crowded in by Egyptians stirred by inflammatory propaganda in Nasser's newspapers.

While the British gave way on one big Suez question, they were busily negotiating with the U.N.'s Dag Hammarskjöld on a second: the clearing of the canal. The British wanted the U.N. to use the



British 20-ship salvage fleet to clear the remaining 13 wrecks in Port Said harbor, and to help remove wrecks lodged farther south in the canal. The U.N. wanted these ships, especially six lifting craft, but the sticking point was their crews, Nasser refused to contemplate British and French sailors' sailing up and down the canal.

**Elementary Values.** Contrary to the impassioned feelings of Port backbenchers, the British Foreign Office decided that there was no use in trying to bludgeon Nasser into making concessions: he had to be brought around slowly and carefully by the U.N. and the U.S. In the midst of the negotiations, blustery First Lord of the Admiralty Lord Hailsham, visiting Port Said, blurted out that no British ships could be employed without British crews. This provoked Nasser and his Foreign Minister into rejecting the idea of using any British ships. In the House of Commons, Foreign Minister Selwyn Lloyd addressed an implied rebuke to the First Lord of the Admiralty: "I think it would be very much better," said Lloyd, "if this were dealt with on a technical basis."

Taken up technically, the matter proved solvable. The Anglo-French salvage fleet would keep working in the Port Said harbor after the troops left. The ships would be turned over to the U.N., operate under the U.N. flag. Royal Navy officers and men would don civilian clothes "down to cuff links," and all wear U.N. arm bands. The ships would dismantle all guns (a good thing, gruffed Lord Hailsham, "there's nobody there I'd particularly want to salute").

**Civilianizing.** "What a way to treat the navy!" cried London's jingoist tabloid *Daily Sketch*. A *Daily Mail* cartoon showed Admiral Nelson atop his Trafalgar Square roost dressed in top hat, striped trousers and cutaway coat. But Tory anger in Commons was stayed by the realization that Britain could either co-operate or go on cutting off the flow of its lifeblood oil at Suez. Lord Hailsham, quieter in London than he was in Port Said, said: "We will civilianize the whole fleet if necessary."

Apart from ships now finishing the Port Said job, the U.N. has 31 Dutch, Danish, Swedish, Italian, Belgian and German ships available to haul at the 27 wrecks farther south. Still to be negotiated is the question of whether Nasser will let British-manned U.N. salvage vessels move down to help on this job.

## SINAI

### The Road Back

As it prepared to clear the Suez Canal (if not its clouded title), the U.N.'s next and much tougher task is to establish its Emergency Force along the Egyptian-Israeli 1949 armistice line, some 120 miles to the east. To judge by the beginnings, this may take a long time. In Jerusalem Premier David Ben-Gurion announced that "under no circumstances" would Israel agree to return the captured Gaza Strip of Palestine territory to Egypt. And

in the Sinai desert, advancing Yugoslav elements of the UNEF found that the retreating Israelis had skillfully scorched the earth.

As the Israelis pulled slowly back along their three invasion roads, they tore up or blew up the shore-line railway tracks, chopped down telegraph poles, and dynamited even railworkers' huts. The most awesome destruction they wrought on the roads themselves. At a point ten miles east of the canal, the blacktop central road abruptly changed into a jumble of shredded rock. Giant-pronged Israeli machines similar to the "rooters" with which retreating Germans and Italians wrecked roads and railroads in World War II had ripped the pavement to a depth of 12 to 18 in. Last week gangs of Egyptian workmen moving up behind the Yugoslavs had put some 40 miles of railway back in service—but only one mile of highway.

Across desert marked by the charred and twisted remains of Nasser's routed armor, the Yugoslavs churned slowly forward in their shiny, U.S.-built trucks. Because the Israelis had sown the roadside with mines (and neglected to provide any maps), the patrols seldom made better than two or three miles a day. One burly

lot of Yugoslav Communists pitched their U.S. Army pup tents beside the road over which Joseph and Mary once fled with the Christ child into Egypt, and played volleyball in the freezing gale. Beside their tents they laid white-pebble signs in the sand: "Zivio Drug Tito, Zivio OUN" (Long Live Comrade Tito, Long Live the U.N.).

At his canal-side headquarters UNEF Commander General Eedson L.M. Burns noted that the Israelis had agreed to withdraw 35 miles from the canal by mid-December, and to pull back 15 miles a week from then on. At that rate, which Burns called "not conformable with the U.N. resolution," Gaza was five weeks away. "There's nothing to prevent their going right back to the line immediately," he added tartly.

## IRAQ

### Man on Camelback

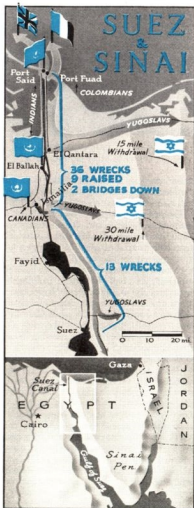
In most Arab lands of the Middle East, young army officers with revolutionary social ideas and anti-Western feelings may be riding high. But they have yet to unseat Iraq's tough Strongman Nuri es-Said, 68, the coolheaded camelback raider of Lawrence of Arabia's World War I anti-Turk desert revolt, who boasts: "I was risking my life for the cause of Arab independence before Nasser was out of his swaddling clothes."

Nuri has often been accused of being a British stooge. It took courage for him to keep Iraq in the anti-Communist Baghdad Pact, along with Britain, after Britain invaded Egypt. Nuri declared public sympathy for Egypt, and sought to prove his devotion to the Arab cause by outdoing everyone else in crying that Israel must be wiped out. All the while, Egyptian, Syrian and Moscow radios launched fierce propaganda attacks against him, in similarity of phrasing that suggested collaboration. Last month bloody rioting erupted in Baghdad and An Najaf, and Radio Cairo shouted that "the traitor" was doomed. But Nuri proclaimed martial law, closed schools, clapped on heavy censorship and arrested about 100 political foes. Last week his Baghdad government announced that five opposition leaders had been court-martialed and sentenced for undermining public security. Kamel Chaderchy, former Minister of National Economy and Transport and head of the left-wing National Democratic Party, was sentenced to three years' hard labor. "Nuri has ridden out the storm," said U.S. Ambassador Waldemar John Gailman, and took off for a month's home leave.

## SYRIA

### Court-Martial

Across the border in Syria, there was trouble too. The Syrian army ordered the court-martial of 47 Syrians, including former Dictator Adib Shishkely, four ex-Cabinet ministers and eight Members of Parliament. The charge: "Preparing a pro-Iraq armed rebellion to overthrow Syria's present regime."



Time Map by J. Donovan



## PAKISTAN

### One Little Word

Returning from a Baghdad Pact meeting late last month, Pakistan's Prime Minister Hussein Shaheed Suhrawardy unburdened himself of a few angry remarks on the state of affairs in the Middle East. Said he: "Bombs and explosives have been distributed, and there is a conspiracy of destruction and assassination. . . Foreign money is being lavishly spent by countries that want to create chaos, confusion and subversion." Coming from a Moslem leader who had roundly condemned the invasion of Egypt, his remarks might seem to be aimed at Britain and France. In fact, he meant Egypt.

In Baghdad Suhrawardy had seen for himself how Nasser intrigued against Iraq; he was also angry at Nasser's flirtation with Russia, and his cosying up to Pakistan's No. 1 enemy, Nehru's India. Last week, when a New York Times reporter made the conventional assumption, in the form of a question, that all of Asia and Africa stood behind Nasser, forthright Hussein Suhrawardy compressed his reply—and his current opinion of Egypt—into one word: "Phooey."

## CYPRUS

### Proposed Constitution

With a fanfare that was all but lost on the audience that he most sought to impress, British Colonial Secretary Alan Lennox-Boyd last week offered rebellious Cyprus a constitution and a parliament.

Drawn up by Lord Radcliffe, the eminent British jurist who arbitrated the border between India and Pakistan in 1947, the long-heralded "liberal constitution" proposed to give control of domestic affairs to a 36-man legislature in which Greek Cypriots, who make up four-fifths of the island's 500,000 inhabitants, would hold a comfortable majority of 24 seats. Of the remaining twelve members, six would be appointed by the British Governor and six elected by the Turkish minority. In fact, however, the constitution would leave ultimate power in Cyprus in the hands of the British Governor, who, besides retaining overt control of defense, foreign affairs and internal security, would possess "reserve powers" which, in effect, give him an irrevocable veto over legislation.

**Freedom Must Wait.** Far more serious an objection to the Greeks than the elephant traps in Lord Radcliffe's constitution was the fact that the British proposals made no real concession to the basic Greek Cypriot demand for self-determination, i.e., union with Greece. To have made any such substantial concession at this moment might have so enraged the flag-waving, Suez-group backbenchers as to threaten Sir Anthony Eden's stay in office. But there was more than one lesson to be drawn from Britain's failure in Egypt. Field Marshal Sir Claude Auchinleck, veteran African desert fighter of World War II, wrote to London's *Sunday Times*: "Unless I, as a soldier, am grossly



LORD RADCLIFFE  
Preserving paramountcy.

at fault in my estimate of Cyprus . . . it has none or practically none of the requisites of an efficient military base." Unshaken by this argument, Lennox-Boyd last week clung stubbornly to the line that Cyprus is strategically vital and that self-determination must wait. If Greek Cypriots continued to insist on union with Greece, he said, the "inevitable" result would be partition of Cyprus' 3,572 square miles into Greek and Turkish zones.

"**Illogical & Undemocratic.**" Turkish Prime Minister Adnan Menderes, who argues that Greek control of Cyprus would pose an intolerable threat to Turkey's security, found the Radcliffe constitution "logical material for negotiation" and Lennox-Boyd's partition talk "an interesting, attractive idea." Yet one high British official who should know insists that "partition could never work because . . . you would have to shift whole villages. There is no one area where Turks predominate." Greek Foreign Minister Evangelos Averoff denounced the British plan as "illogical and undemocratic" and angrily pressed Greece's demand for a U.N. debate on self-determination for Cyprus. In Cyprus itself, the port of Famagusta was closed down by a protest strike.

**Spurred-Up Façade.** What Lord Radcliffe's constitution offered Cyprus was, in fact a façade of self-government carefully designed to preserve what the British in India used to call their paramountcy. The British government declared its readiness to transport a "reasonable" number of Cypriots to the lonely Seychelles Islands to discuss the Radcliffe constitution with Archbishop Makarios, exiled leader of the *enosis* (union with Greece) movement.

There were some who argued that, if left alone, Cypriots, weary of EOKA terrorism, would accept the Radcliffe proposals but it was doubtful whether any politician on Cyprus dared support it. Arch-

bishop Makarios could afford to, but he was still in exile. Whatever the British say they mean to do, the Radcliffe proposals might in practice be the opening gambit in the classic game of British colonial withdrawal, the traditional first steps of a process which transformed onetime Jailbird Jawaharlal Nehru into the Prime Minister of an independent nation. "But," concluded one diplomat gloomily, "in India Gandhi was able from time to time to make compromises with the British. Makarios is no Gandhi."

## ALLIANCES

### Sense of Change

Without the animosity that marked the anti-Americanism of a few weeks ago, British commentators probed what seemed to them a new direction in U.S. policy. In its bluntest terms, British opinion suspected that the old Anglo-U.S. alliance would not be quite the same again, and that for some time past it had not been quite what it seemed.

The most cited text for their new reading came from Vice President Nixon's remarks, right after the U.S. voted against Britain and France in the U.N. General Assembly on the issue of Egypt: "For the first time in history, we have shown independence of Anglo-French policies toward Asia and Africa which seemed to us to reflect the colonial tradition. That declaration of independence has had an electrifying effect throughout the world." Britons saw the idea confirmed last week as India's Premier Jawaharlal Nehru emerged from intimate conference with President Eisenhower wreathed in smiles and declaring that U.S. policy is "not as rigid as I thought."

**After Suez.** Not all Britons objected. Many recognized that in the Arab countries, Britain and France are currently so discredited that only the U.S. can save positions essential to all of them (a quite different thesis from the angry Tory backbench contention that U.S. interests are trying to drive the British out of the Middle East). They understood that the alliance stands as firm as ever in the geographical limits of its primary purpose—the defense of Europe—and that Britain remains the U.S.'s closest friend by blood, interests and sentiment. This fact was underlined last week when the U.S. Export-Import Bank granted Britain a \$500 million loan (at 4½% interest) to help Britain through its post-Suez crisis.

But Suez dramatized what had long been an unadmitted fact: that the Anglo-American alliance is not, as it was often assumed to be, something that reflects a common policy around the world. No joint policy existed for the Middle East. No joint policy exists in the Far East, where the two powers disagree over the recognition of Red China. The U.S., in helping emergent peoples in Asia and North Africa, had often found its achievements compromised by the U.S. association with the colonial powers. This stigma might not have been crippling if the U.S., Britain and France

had hammered out a joint approach that the Asian-African world could accept. They had not.

**Friendly Warnings.** From bitter experience, some British voices were raised in gloomy warning against the new turn of events. Lord Vansittart, prewar Permanent Under Secretary of the Foreign Office, warned Eisenhower against too much reliance on Nehru—"an arch-opponent of the Baghdad Pact, at the moment when the President has gone farthest to bless it," and a "friend of Communist China." And Britain's grand old League of Nations advocate, 90-year-old Scholar Gilbert Murray, warned against too deep a dependence on U.N., which he said is menaced by the "recent universal clamor for equality and the 'anti-West' enthusiasm of nearly all Asia and Africa." The old League of Nations covenant, said Murray, "belonged to the age that still dared to say

## GREAT BRITAIN

### Fox & Hounds

Out of the shadows behind the Speaker's chair, a tall, lank figure made his way to the front bench, flopped down, and put his long legs up on the table. Sir Anthony Eden was making his first appearance in the House of Commons since his collapse at the height of the Suez crisis. Some Tories put up a polite cheer. One or two rose but hastily subsided when they realized no one else was joining them. Other Tories sat mutely staring straight in front of them. The Labor benches kept a stony silence, leaving the Tory welcome starkly revealed in all its thinness.

In succeeding days, Eden coped doggedly with a barrage of harassing questions from the Opposition, a lonely man flanked by a depressed and worried party. Like hounds worrying a fox, Laborites pressed

Foreign Affairs Anthony Nutting, who had resigned in protest over Eden's Suez policies. Melton Mowbray is in the heart of Toryland, a section of fox-hunting squires and prosperous Leicestershire farmers. In the 1955 election, Nutting, who lived in the district, won 61% of the votes. This year, as added insurance, the government sent down a batch of top-level speakers to plead the Tory case. At week's end the returns came in. The Tory candidate (the woman head of a pottery works in distant Yorkshire) won the seat. But the Tory vote had dropped by an alarming 7%, the Tory majority from 1955's 10,780 to a modest 2,362.

## FRANCE

### The Evil Man

Man's cruelty to man as revealed in Nazism bit deeply into the consciousness of France's intellectuals. Since the end of the war, France's intellectuals have been sloshing through the sludge at the bottom of their own and other men's minds in search of some explanation. In this echoing and noisome place, time and again they have encountered the shadowy figure of the man known as the Marquis de Sade. Last week a Paris court debated a question: Was Sade an intrepid explorer and detached observer of the depths? Or was he there because he liked it? In a word, was Sade a pornographer whose works should be banned, or a serious contributor to the wisdom of mankind?

The question was just as puzzling to his contemporaries. Donatien-Alphonse-François, Comte de Sade, was born in a Paris palace in 1740. His father was military ruler of four French provinces and lord of vast estates. His mother was of royal Bourbon blood. He was a youthful companion of the young Prince Louis-Joseph, fought as a cavalry officer in the Seven Years' War. At 23, he docilely married the daughter of a rich, petty aristocrat in a ceremony attended by King Louis XV and his Queen. Five months later he was arrested in a local bordello, and convicted of "outrageous debauchery," by a regime that considered ordinary debauchery routine. King Louis XV himself ordered him to prison and accorded no special privileges.

**Naturally Bad.** For the remaining years of his life, Sade alternated between orgasmic freedom and protracted prison terms. He indulged in perversion, flagellation and more ingenious tortures, made such extraordinary demands on Paris' prostitutes that the police ordered procurers not to furnish him with girls. One woman complained that he had lured her to a villa outside Paris, stripped her naked and bound her to a bed, beat her with switches, slashed her with a knife, and poured wax in the wounds. Exiled to his estate in Provence, Sade organized a private harem of both sexes. In a foray to Marseilles with his valet, he beat four streetwalkers and allegedly tried to poison one of them. When the police came to arrest him, they found he had run off to Italy with his wife's young sister. In 1777



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"PARLIAMENTARY PANTOMIME"

that unequal things were unequal. If we continue moving in the equalitarian direction that is now fashionable, there is real danger that not merely the British Empire but the whole Western or Christian civilization will become of less and less account."

**Break Away.** The U.S. would have to be more explicit than it had been in the past, to make clear that it is not changing principle and abandoning friends, but merely seeking to escape involvements with friends—old or new—in places where such commitments are not in the U.S. interest. The question was posed most sharply last week by France's Premier Guy Mollet, who said that in all the recent difficulties the Atlantic partnership itself had not been thrown open to question. But, he went on, "there is no half-alliance." France, said Mollet, seeks a common front everywhere and in all circumstances, and therefore if the U.S. wants France as an ally in Europe, it has to be its ally in Algeria. This idea is precisely what the U.S. is trying to break away from. In places where the U.S. finds French policy misguided and is unable to change it, the U.S. will no longer by its unhappy silence be left to imply endorsement.

their charge that there had been collusion between Britain, France and Israel in the attack on Suez.

Eden parried and dodged, then said flatly, thumping the dispatch box angrily: "To say that Her Majesty's government was engaged in some dishonorable activity is completely untrue, and I must emphatically deny it." Liberal Leader Joseph Grimond, still not satisfied, demanded to know whether the government could categorically deny that it had had information that Israel was going to attack Egypt. The House rang with cries of "Answer, answer." Finally Eden got to his feet. "There was not foreknowledge that Israel would attack Egypt—there was not," he insisted. "But there was something else. There was—we knew it perfectly well—a risk of it, and in the event of risk of it, certain discussions and conversations took place, as I think was absolutely right . . ."

All week long Eden assured his fellow Tories that the country backed him, insisted that he would have no misgivings about winning a general election even if it came tomorrow, but was determined not to call an election for two years. His optimistic thesis was jarred by a by-election to fill the seat of ex-Minister of State for

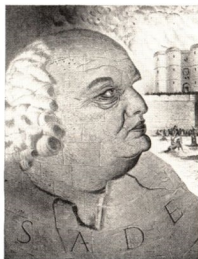
he recklessly returned to Paris, where his long-suffering mother-in-law had him seized and confined in Vincennes prison. There, deprived of his pleasures, Sade began to write.

In the next 13 years, Sade transmuted his sexual aberrations into a philosophical theory. Where Rousseau argued that man was naturally good, Sade declared with savage cynicism that man is naturally evil "in the delirium of his passions as much as when they are calm, and in both cases the ills of his fellows can become the source of execrable pleasure to him." He insisted that man fully realized himself only in the expression of his natural, i.e., cruel, impulses, that even sexual pleasure was most intense when it was accompanied by the infliction of pain. Society had no right to condemn perversions (of which he meticulously catalogued 600 varieties) since they were "natural," and he cited anthropological and travel books to prove that there was scarcely any aberration that was not sanctioned in some society. In the course of pursuing this logic, he mordantly attacked the hypocritical "virtue" of monarchical France, from the "charity" of landlords, which served only to appease the wrath of the oppressed, to the "justice" of laws administered only to preserve the privileges of the established order.

Thus, when Sade was released from prison in 1790, he found himself a hero of the new revolution, and was made a judge. But the man who commended cruelty as a means of individual expression recoiled from institutionalized cruelty. Most of all, he denied that any man had the right to sit in judgment on another. He pardoned nearly every aristocrat brought before him, even spared the family of his detested mother-in-law. Soon he was arrested for "moderatism," was saved from the guillotine only by the fact that Robespierre fell from power the day before his scheduled execution. In 1800 he was consigned to a criminal asylum, whose chief doctor observed: "This man isn't crazy. He's just delirious about vice." There he died in 1814.

**Freest Ever.** Even before his death, Sade's books were banned in France or published only in expurgated editions. But already he was a literary legend. His defiance of convention and law appealed to the romantics, and in 1843 famed Critic Sainte-Beuve wrote that Byron and Sade "are perhaps the two greatest inspirations of our moderns." Poet Charles Baudelaire admitted: "One always comes back to Sade, that is to say to the natural man, to explain evil." Swinburne declared the day would come "when statues will be erected to him in every city." French Poet Guillaume Apollinaire called him "the freest spirit that ever lived." Surrealists were fascinated by him, and Photographer Man Ray did an "imaginative portrait" of him with the Bastille in flames behind him (*see cut*).

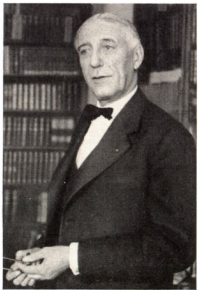
After World War II, French existentialists found new kinship with Sade's bitter cynicism. Simone de Beauvoir called him a "great writer and a great moralist."



SADEIST SADE  
Delirious about vice.

Albert Camus argued that Sade explained Nazism as "reduction of man to an object of experiment." Psychologists conceded that in his recognition of the impulse to cruelty in sexual relations, he anticipated some of Freud's thinking. Responding to this interest, alert, young Publisher Jean-Jacques Pauvert printed a 28-volume set of Sade's complete works, put them on public sale for the first time in France in unexpurgated form.

In France, where presumably anything goes in such matters, this was too much for the police. In court last week, charged with "outrage of morality through books," Pauvert was defended by France's most prominent criminal lawyer, Maurice Garçon. Morals are a function of a certain time and place, Garçon argued. Bigamy, once punishable by death, is now simply fined. Abortion is legal in some countries.



LAWYER GARÇON  
Even in France.

Jean Cocteau sent a letter arguing: "To attack Sade is to attack Jean Jacques Rousseau. The slightest mystery story from puritanical America is just as nefarious." Concluded Garçon: "Sade is important. We cannot let false prudery prevent us from studying him. That is against all scientific doctrine."

The learned judges announced they would take some time to think things over. "Of course, we'll lose the case," sighed Lawyer Garçon. Even in France, apparently, there are limits.

## WEST GERMANY

### Jail for John

Convicted last week of treason, and sentenced to four years in prison by the Federal Supreme Court of West Germany: Otto John, 47, neurotic former West German security chief who defected to the East German Communists 2½ years ago, redefected to the West 17 months later.

## JAPAN

### Cost Accounting

According to a Tokyo columnist, Tanzan Ishibashi never learned to count money as a boy, and in early manhood was something of a spendthrift. Today, at 72, Ishibashi is one of Japan's foremost economists, but a reputation for unorthodoxy persists. Last week, becoming Japan's new Premier (TIME, Dec. 24), his first act was to attempt to discount widespread impressions that he: 1) favors an inflationary policy; 2) plans unlimited trade with Red China; 3) opposes U.S. policy on Japan.

In talks with industrialists, Ishibashi said that while he favored an "expanding economy," he would keep tight control over government spending. Insisting that he was not opposed to U.S. policy in general but only to U.S. Army economic decrees, Ishibashi nevertheless promised to observe the embargo on shipments of strategic goods to Red China. He then offered the Foreign Ministry to his chief Liberal-Democratic rival for the premiership, conservative Nobusuke Kishi, 60, onetime economic czar of Manchuria, one of whose electoral handicaps was the fact that he was a member of the Tojo Cabinet at the time of Pearl Harbor.

### Hunger in the North

Outside the little shack the snow was packed in deep drifts. Beyond its white expanse lay the forbidding waters of the Sea of Okhotsk, already thick with pack ice drifting down from Siberia. Inside, protected from the cold by walls papered with pages from popular Japanese magazines, barefoot Minoru Goto shuffled toward the iron stove with another piece of kindling and awaited the return of her children from school. "The first thing they'll say is, 'I'm hungry,'" she sighed, "but even if they ask, we don't have anything for them these days." For all the other 400 families in the little village of Kaitaku, it was the same story.

Minoru and her husband, a onetime airplane mechanic, had been faced with a

choice at war's end; to return to the hopelessness of the burned-out ruins of Tokyo or to start a new life as pioneers on the far northern island of Hokkaido. Government posters showed Hokkaido's inviting green landscapes, its fat dairy herds, its red brick silos and its snug, warm farmhouses. Along with some 190,000 other Japanese families, the Gotos seized the opportunity.

**Unlike the Posters.** Life in Hokkaido, the northernmost and second largest island in the Japanese chain, turned out not to be like the posters. In winter the farms of the homesteaders lay under snow that heaped in drifts up to 6 ft. high. In summer the island's rocky, clay-filled soil was stubbornly unproductive. Hokkaido crop yields were only half of those harvested elsewhere in the nation.

This fall Hokkaido's farmers suffered their worst crop failure in 42 years. Hokkaido's fishermen were doing just as badly: harried by Russian gunboats from the Kurile and Sakhalin islands, they were desperately forced to overfish their own meager waters.

**Girls for Sale.** In the midst of a Cadillac-plated prosperity in Tokyo, only the efforts of a group of charities ranging from the United Nations International Children's Fund and Catholic and Protestant groups to Japan's own Association of Pinball Machine Manufacturers have been able to stave off actual starvation in Hokkaido. Even though the U.S. Air Force last week flew in three plane-loads of food, Hokkaido's farmers face both hunger and bankruptcy. "We've sold even the gold from our teeth," one farmer told *TIME* Correspondent Curtis Prendergast. "The only thing we've left to sell is our daughter." It was not a joke. Many a farm family, in desperate need, has returned to the old but recently outlawed custom of selling off a daughter to some enterprising brothel keeper in exchange for ready cash. So far this year, the Hokkaido prefectural police headquarters reported, 1,454 girls have been sold to restaurants, brothels and geisha houses, and 1,040 persons had been charged with brokerage in girls. Some teen-agers have been sold for \$15; in rare instances, more attractive girls have gone for as high as \$550.

## THE PHILIPPINES

### The Plain Truth

Globetrotting British Historian Arnold Toynbee turned up in Manila, and after looking it over and thinking it over, reported a change of mind to the *London Observer*. "In spite of my affection for America," he wrote, "I have sometimes felt a touch of the same irritation as my fellow Dutchmen, Frenchmen, and Britons at hearing my American friends confidently assert that America has done better by the Philippines than the rest of us Westerners have done by those Asian and African countries that have been temporarily under our rule. My glimpse of the Philippines has changed my feelings about this. The American boast is a proud one, but I believe it is no more than the plain truth."

## INDONESIA

### Which Way Out?

As the seventh year of Indonesian independence drew to a close, the world's fourth largest democracy (pop. 80 million) was behaving something like a banana republic. "I am certain," said Indonesia's handsome President Soekarno, in a sharp departure from his customary exuberance, "that if this sickly situation persists, conditions will become ripe for a revolution."

The Cabinet of goateed Premier Ali Sastroamidjojo was all but impotent, its members amounting to little more than messenger boys for the bosses of eight bickering political parties. Grafting had become so much of a public scandal that last week Indonesia's Attorney General brought charges against Foreign Minister



INDONESIA'S HATTA  
Democracy was too free.

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Roeslan Abdulgani, whom the press accused of having accepted \$130,000 in bribes.

Incensed by governmental corruption and by the irregularity and inadequacy of its pay, the republic's husky (168,000 men), well-equipped army was openly restive. In mid-November, when 500 troops started a march on Djakarta, the capital was paralyzed with fear, and though the coup was called off at the last minute and several commanders relieved of their posts, the rebellious leader, former Army Deputy Chief of Staff Colonel Zulkifli Lubis, was still at large last week.

**Thought from Russia.** President Soekarno, who for eleven years has exercised an almost mystical sway over Indonesia's masses, was confident he knew the cure for what ailed his nation. "I don't want to become a dictator," said he. "I am a democrat, but it is not democratic liberalism that I want. What I want is guided democracy. All political parties must be buried."

Vague as it was, Soekarno's proposal sounded suspiciously like something he might have picked up during his recent visits to Russia and China, where he was bothered by the lack of freedom but impressed by the way that vast work projects were organized. Such notions did not suit Soekarno's old friend and Indonesia's longtime Vice President Mohammed Hatta, whose remedy is to replace Indonesia's multiparty parliamentary government with something more like the U.S. system. Four weeks ago, fed up with Soekarno's refusal to listen to his ideas, respected Mohammed Hatta resigned the vice-presidency.

Last week, in his first interview since his resignation, Hatta told *TIME* Correspondent Paul Himmelfarb: "There is great unrest and uneasiness throughout Indonesia today. We are democratic in Indonesia today all right—ultra-democratic... We have got to have a strong government." (One suggestion for a stronger government came from the fugitive Colonel Lubis, who offered to surrender if Soekarno would make Hatta Premier and fire the army's chief of staff.)

**Buffalo Revolt.** Reeling under the combined disapproval of Soekarno, Hatta and much of the army, leaders of eight non-Communist parties last week closeted themselves in the home of Djakarta's mayor to come up with a "housecleaning program." To most politically savvy Indonesians, however, it appeared doubtful that the parties were in a position to make reforms sufficiently drastic to restore their shattered reputations. "A Cabinet crisis now," said one political boss, "would mean the end of democracy here."

"This was a prospect which did not seem to faze President Soekarno who, reiterating his belief in 'guided democracy,' said: 'It is for the purpose of purifying democracy that I'm seeking a solution.' How much time the President had left in which to find a way out was open to question.

Less than 24 hours after he spoke came news that 4,000 men of the army's *Banteng* (Buffalo) Division had seized control of Central Sumatra in a bloodless revolt. Organizer of the coup was Lieut. Colonel Ahmad Husein, an ex-guerrilla leader who was called "the Tiger of Central Sumatra" for his exploits against the Dutch during the revolution. Husein turned over titular authority of the region to 37-year-old Colonel Simbolon, a Dutch-educated Protestant who only a year ago was Mohammed Hatta's candidate for chief of staff. Simbolon announced that he would rule Central Sumatra independently until the central government met "the people's demand for economic improvement."

At this, hapless Premier Sastroamidjojo's Cabinet went into late night sessions, and President Soekarno broadcast a nationwide appeal to military and political leaders to stand by the government. "The medicine at this critical time of transition in Indonesia," said Soekarno hopefully, "is that everyone mind his own business."





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# THE HEMISPHERE

## THE AMERICAS

### Near the Peak

U.S. exports flowed into the fast-growing Latin American market at a near-record rate in 1956. Manhattan's *Journal of Commerce* reported last week. As the *Journal* figured it, the final 1956 total for U.S. sales to the 20 Latin American republics will run to about \$3.7 billion—a hefty 12% above the 1955 mark, and only \$20 million or so below the alltime peak reached during the Korean war year of 1951. The U.S.'s five biggest Latin American customers in 1956: Mexico, Venezuela, Cuba, Colombia and Brazil, in that order.

## CANADA

### Year of Plenty

It was another bountiful year for Canada's economy as it was for the U.S. (see BUSINESS). Canada's economic boss, Trade and Commerce Minister C. D. Howe, surveying the business-performance charts last week, found that every vital line—production, employment, income and investment—continued sharply upward during 1956.

¶ Canada's gross national product soared to \$29.5 billion, an increase of more than 10%. The year's growth matched the 1955 rate, and raised the country's production to a level six times as high as it was 20 years ago.

¶ Employment passed a record total of 5,700,000 jobs, while unemployment (mostly transient labor moving from one job to the next) dropped to a mere 1% of the national labor force (v. 3% in 1955).

¶ Personal income after taxes rose 9% during the year, more than offsetting the increase in living costs (up 3%). As a result, Canadians not only bought more goods but saved more money.

¶ The pace of Canada's great industrial expansion quickened. Investors poured \$7.5 billion into capital expenditures, notably on oil and gas development, new uranium, copper and nickel mines, and a 20% expansion of the nation's steel-making capacity. The capital outlay was 15% greater than in 1955 and the annual increase was the sharpest since the all-out years of World War II.

In their prosperity, Canada's consumers and businessmen developed a tremendous foreign-buying urge. They spent a record \$5.8 billion outside their country for consumer goods and industrial equipment, running up an import bill that was a full \$1 billion higher than the country's export earnings. Such a trade deficit could have been ruinous to a less prosperous country, but Canada took it in stride: the heavy flow of foreign (mostly U.S.) investment offset the drain on gold and dollar reserves. As the year ended, Canada's currency position was so strong that the Canadian dollar rose in value to more than \$1.04 U.S., a 23-year high.

## COLOMBIA

### The Silent War

Largely obscured by more dramatic conflicts in Europe, Africa and Asia, one of history's bloodiest struggles goes silently on in Colombia. In the eight-year-old strife between the Colombian army and anti-government guerrillas, the death toll, according to President Gustavo Rojas Pinilla, tops 100,000—three times greater than battle deaths among U.S. forces in Korea—in a country with a population of only 13 million. Last week *TIME* correspondent Piero Saporiti toured the front lines of this almost-forgotten battleground. His report:

The first, faint light of dawn silhouetted rugged peaks, then picked out the barracks, the ammunition depot and the sandbagged trench surrounding a hilltop army outpost called Praga in the Colombian Andes. Praga's commander, a lieutenant, was not there; he and most of his platoon had been called away to chase cattle thieves, leaving a corporal in charge. A yawning sentry leaned on a bayoneted rifle; 17 soldiers slept.

Suddenly the hillside came alive with scores of poncho-clad men, armed with guns and machetes, and charging silently toward the post. A dog barked. The sentry got off only one shot before an answering bullet caught him, but it was enough to rouse the garrison. Half-naked, the soldiers, boys of 20 or less, rushed to their battle stations and began to fire. All day long, in wave after wave, the attackers stormed the post. At nightfall, as the assailants grouped for a last charge, only the corporal, who was wounded in one leg, and a private were left alive. The

corporal drenched the post's ammunition supply with gasoline, limped away into the safety of darkness with the private, then tossed back a hand grenade. The tremendous blast and towering flames were noted miles away by the lieutenant and the rest of the platoon. They returned after ten hours of hard marching, in time to bury the dead and hear the survivors' story.

The guerrillas, foiled in their quest for arms and ammunition, had melted away. Avenging troops, pouring grimly in toward Praga last week, were able to round up and kill only eight of the outlaws.

**The Colombian Temper.** The clash at Praga, hot, fierce, and fought to the bitter end, was typical of this strange, confused, nearly meaningless war. Its causes are rooted deep in Colombian history and temperament, a striking national indifference to death and lust for combat going back to the battles and matings of the fearless Spanish conquistadors and the warlike native Chibcha Indians. Since Colombia became independent in 1819, the bloodshed has come mainly from Liberals fighting Conservatives, often in protest against a political defeat.

The current conflict became inevitable when Conservatives won the presidency in 1946; it actually started after the memorable 1948 riots in Bogotá. Conservatives drove Liberals from their lands; Liberals formed hinterland guerrilla gangs to fight back. By seizing the government in 1953 in the name of the armed forces, General Rojas Pinilla kicked both parties out of power and ended the war for a year. But many ex-guerrillas, among them criminals freed when the 1948 rioters unlocked the jails, longed for the free life of banditry in the name of opposition to the



DESERTED VILLAGE OF CABRERA NEAR GUERRILLA COUNTRY  
On an unnoticed battleground, 100,000 casualties.

Piero Saporiti

government. The fighting picked up again. To complete the confusion, Conservatives, too, became outlaws. The incentives for battle now include the mutual hatred of Liberal and Conservative, the hatred of outlaws for the government, and the desire of all guerrillas for pillage.

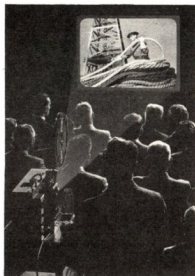
**Guerrillas' Delight.** The Battleground presents a terrain that is a guerrilla's delight. The departments of Tolima and Huila, west of Bogotá, scene of the most recent fighting, lie in impressively rugged Andean ranges. No roads, but only mule-paths tie the little, white-washed villages together. So deep are the ravines that it is often a day's hike between two houses within hailing distance of each other on opposing mountainsides. Deep forests alternate with coffee plantations shaded by tall trees, all offering good cover. Here guerrillas control and govern regions that add up to an area roughly equal to that of Kentucky.

From their individual domains, guerrilla leaders with such *noms de guerre* as Terror, Black Jug and Danger strike out to blackmail or massacre farmers, rustle cattle, hijack bags of coffee (worth at least \$90 each), attack army outposts, murder oil exploration crews. They capture villages, and when forced to withdraw before army attacks, sometimes kidnap whole populations as hostages. Some 4,600 innocents caught in the crossfire were the worst sufferers this year; the army puts guerrilla deaths in 1956 at about 1,000, and sets its own losses at 189 dead and 548 wounded. Crops, cattle and property worth \$46 million have been destroyed since January.

**Repress & Rebuild.** The army fights back with firearms and with political and economic weapons. Militarily, the detachment of Tolima and detachment of East Tolima, with 10,750 men, have tried primarily to contain the outlaws by manning posts like Praga on the edges of guerrilla country. Now the army is testing new commando tactics. Forgoing massed columns that guerrillas easily dodged, troops work into outlaw country in small details for sneak attacks and night ambushes.

Whenever the outlaws abandon land, the army moves in to get the economy running again. Last week, in the town of Chaparral, a theater of spectacular fighting early this year, military engineers and a battalion of prisoners were building houses, schools and roads. The government believes that roads bring not only trucks and cars but also law and order. Another weapon is tightened control over movements of coffee, the area's main export. No truck convoy can go to market without an army certificate proving that the shipper holds a deed to the land where the coffee was grown, thus curbing the hijacking of crops, hitherto the guerrillas' best source of cash.

But the army holds no illusions that it can clean up the guerrillas in a hurry. In the long, painful process of stamping out the marauders, the grim and bloody prospect is for more thousands killed, more crops and cattle destroyed, for endless months to come.



GOOD



BETTER

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## PEOPLE



SINGERS CALLAS (HOLDING TOY) & SORDELLO  
Bygones were not bygones.

Associated Press

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

Metropolitan Opera Soprano **Maria Meneghini Callas** (TIME, Oct. 29), fresh from a three-week U.S. publicity triumph, rushed to New York's International Airport, Paris-bound with her toy poodle, a black mite aptly named Toy, sharing a first-class booking with Maria. Her retinue also included her husband, Millionaire Italian Industrialist Giovanni Meneghini, ticketed modestly as a tourist-class passenger, but described in a lawsuit earlier in the week by Maria as the man "who owns me as a husband." At the airport, Diva Callas bumped into another tourist-class passenger, none other than fur-collared Baritone **Enzo Sordello**, fired from the Met fortnight ago because, claimed Sordello, he had outstung Maria in an unaffectionate duet of *Lucia di Lammermoor*. In jolly holiday spirits, Sordello proffered a bygones-be-bygones handshake. Maria spurned his mitt and stalked off. Warbled she to newsmen a bit later: "I said, 'Merry Christmas.' He said, 'I want to shake hands.' I asked him to apologize for what he had said. He said in good Italian, 'No. I can't do that.' I said I was sorry and withdrew my hand." Before winging off into the misty twilight, stormy-eyed Maria Callas amplified her outrage: "I am a woman who has been terribly hurt . . . I don't like this man taking advantage of my publicity!"

In 48 state capitals, 531 Constitution-ordained members of the Electoral College gathered to perform a patently superfluous rite, their sworn duty to re-elect (457-74) **Dwight Eisenhower** and **Richard Nixon** to the nation's highest offices. In Alabama, however, one elector chose to ignore the vote that sent him to college,

wrote in for President, instead of **Adlai Stevenson**, the name of Alabama's states-rightist Judge Walter B. Jones. Thus history books will forever record the 1956 election results as: Eisenhower, 457; Stevenson, 73; Jones, 1.

After a quiet six-week respite in a cozy Sun Valley chalet (owner: New York's Democratic Governor Averell Harriman), pretty **Jeanne Murray Vanderbilt**, 33, second wife of Millionaire Horseman **Alfred**



JEANNE VANDERBILT & CHILDREN  
Mom was mum.

Associated Press

**Gwynne Vanderbilt**, 44, won a divorce on the technical ground of "extreme mental cruelty." During the last fortnight of her legalistic Idaho residency, Jeanne and the children of her eleven-year marriage He'di, 8, and Alfred Jr., 6, had taken some "out-of-season" skiing lessons and more than one pratfall. Snapped by a Chicago lensman as she headed back to her "home" in New York, Jeanne looked glum, kept mum. A little less reticent was one of her most dashing recent escorts, handsome Investment Scion **Anthony Nutting**, 36, separated from his wife (last June) and from his No. 2 spot in Britain's Foreign Office (last month) in protest against Anthony Eden's ill-starred Suez adventure. About to leave London at week's end for the U.S., where he will author six articles on the world scene for the New York *Herald Tribune* Syndicate, Tony Nutting was asked if he plans to drop in on the ex-Mrs. Vanderbilt. Replied he: "Well, I said I should be going to see my friends."

The chairmen of both major national party committees, Republican **Leonard Hall** and Democrat **Paul M. Butler**, found themselves in a state of rare agreement. Butler told a special House committee studying lobbying and campaign activities that televisioners were bored sick by the torrent of campaign oratory that flooded their TV screens this year. Appearing before the same sitting solons two days later, Chairman Hall allowed: "You can saturate television with too much politics." Hall cited his proof—a welcome harbinger of less saturation in campaigns to come: political broadcasts win "very very low" audience ratings unless the speakers are candidates for the White House or Vice-Presidency.

The 77th birthday (Dec. 21) of the onetime "supreme genius of all mankind," unmourned **Joseph Stalin**, went unmourned in the U.S.S.R. Not a single official speech, parade or party.

The American Academy of Arts and Letters, whose hallowed niches are normally restricted to a full complement of 50 members, took in two more of the elite, to raise its roster to 49: Harvard-educated, Pulitzer Prizewinning Poet **Conrad (A Letter from Li Po) Aiken**, 67, and Russian-born Composer **Igor (The Firebird) Stravinsky**, a U.S. citizen since 1946.

High-flying Broadway Producer **Roger Stevens**, whose off-Broadway enterprises include an interest in Manhattan's 102-story Empire State Building, announced plans to stage a play about the blotted career of convicted Perjuror **Alger Hiss**.

Guest writing in place of off-duty United Pressmen Aline Mosby, full-bodied Cine-minx **Jayne Mansfield** got confidential about her limelight techniques: "My press clippings, bound, weigh 95 lbs. . . . They've meant everything to my career thus far . . . If you tell [newsfolk] the truth they try very hard not to hurt you with it . . . When my daughter, Jayne



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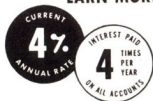
## ANYBODY WE KNOW?

Matter of fact, that's Bill Mauldin, as he sees himself tooling along in his Piper Tri-Pacer.

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who will be the  
**Man of the Year?**  
see **TIME** January 7th



Marie, now six, comes to an age when she will have problems. I'll hand her my scrapbook and say, "This was your mother."

Christmas-paroled (last on a list of 66 prisoners) in Indiana; onetime Grand Dragon of the Ku Klux Klan. **D. C. Stephenson**, 63, who had served 30-odd years for second-degree murder, been sprung in 1935 but was clapped back into prison for jumping his parole.

At a Hungarian relief concert in London, hot-lipped Trumpeter **Louis ("Satchmo") Armstrong** and five local cats out-blasted the whole blasted Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, which sought to play under the hesitant, finally motionless,



Associated Press  
MUSICIANS DEL MAR & ARMSTRONG  
Hep, hep, help!

baton of Conductor **Norman Del Mar**. After running wild until shortly before midnight, Satchmo, on hand as a guest artist to fill out, not ruin, the Philharmonic, loped off stage while a flustered impresario temporarily confiscated his trumpet to prevent an all-night encore. But the hep types filling Royal Festival Hall screamed and stomped for more. (One of the most insistent: the rock-'n'-rolling **Duke of Kent**.) Unable to calm the wild beasts in order to start the finale, Maestro Del Mar and his boys straggled into the wings. To the more mystified than miffed conductor, Satchmo joyously growled: "Your cats are sharp as needles!" Muttered Del Mar with a shudder: "A shambles."

Accountants summed up the estate of Sportsman **William Woodward Jr.**, accidentally shot to death 14 months ago, by his wife Ann in her belief that he was a prowler (TIME, Nov. 7, 1955 et seq.). Inheritance taxes will gobble more than \$6,000,000 of his net estate of \$10,186,299. Ann was left the life income from a \$1,300,000 trust; upon her death, their two sons are to get her trust principal.



## BOARDING PARTY! TREASURE HO!

Out in the Gulf where Jean Lafitte hunted treasure, they're after something more valuable—12 billion barrels of oil

The nation's newest breed of treasure hunters is the seagoing crews that drill for offshore oil. They're skilled men who often probe three miles into the floor of the Gulf searching out an estimated 12 billion barrels of oil so vital to the nation's welfare and security.

Hoisted aboard a multi-million-dollar drilling platform, they stay out in the Gulf for 10 days at a time. Quarters are air conditioned and recreation rooms equipped with TV. In the stainless-steel galleys is a generous larder of the choicest foods.

But on deck, work never ceases

around the clock. Every minute must be productive. For this is the most expensive of all oil operations—costing four times as much as land drilling.

This is one of the nation's newest industrial frontiers—only nine years old. In that time, it has made impressive progress—including the development of the ingenious mobile drilling platforms. These long-legged structures, weighing more than a destroyer, can be towed to drilling position in 90 feet of water, and relocated later in less than 24 hours.

Out here engine failure can mean a week's delay and cost tens of thousands

of dollars. That's why this platform has Caterpillar Diesel Engines for drilling. And Caterpillar Electric Sets to provide power for lighting, air conditioning, cooking and distillation of sea water into fresh water. For wherever men seek dependability—on land or at sea—they have learned to rely on Caterpillar Diesels.

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It is certain that a child born today is going to benefit by forms of packaging yet unknown. For packaging is subject to continuous change, along with habits and customs. Every kindergartener is familiar with the plastic squeeze bottle, the aerosol can, the pouch of soup or beverage mix—all of them unheard of a short while ago.

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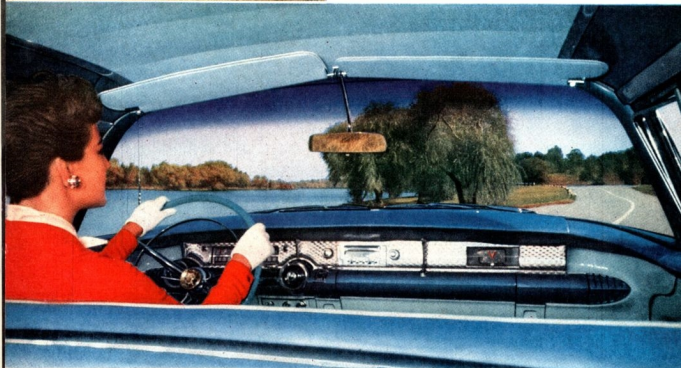
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In a recent national survey among car owners, only two features were more wanted than tinted glass — radio and automatic transmission. Isn't it time *you* tried E-Z-EYE?



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## MEDICINE

### Schizophrenia Toxin?

After more than half a century of brilliant research into the emotional causes of schizophrenia, Zurich's famed Psychiatrist Carl Gustav Jung, 81, made a startling switch last week, conceded that perhaps the causes of schizophrenia should be sought in biochemical poisoning. (Research based on this idea is already well started at many U.S. centers.) Said Jung in a Voice of America broadcast:

"Inasmuch as we have been unable to discover any psychologically understandable process to account for the schizophrenic complex, I draw the conclusion that there might be a toxic cause. That is, a physiological change has taken place because the brain cells were subjected to emotional stress beyond their capacity . . . I suggest that here is an almost unexplored region, ready for pioneering research work."

### Catch German Measles

To the children and adults who catch it, German measles (rubella) is almost invariably a trivial infection with slight fever, sore throat and fast-disappearing rash. But contracted by a woman during pregnancy, especially in the first three months, rubella is often hideously deforming or fatal to her unborn child.

This was first established in 1941 by an Australian ophthalmologist, Norman McAlister Gregg, who found that many of his infant patients with cataracts and other defects were born a few months after their mothers had German measles. The question remained just how frequently the disease causes such damage. Now Harvard University's Dr. Theodore H. Ingalls has an answer, based on detailed checkups of what happened to the fetus in 147 Massachusetts cases of rubella in the first three months of pregnancy. The statistical result: almost 15% stillbirths, an equal number with severe deformity or crippling.

To illustrate the full meaning of these statistics, Dr. Ingalls submitted a picture of a boy whose mother had German measles during pregnancy. The boy was "fortunate," said Dr. Ingalls, to have escaped "the worst possible consequences." His poor vision has been largely corrected by glasses; his malformed jaw is being straightened by braces (though he will always have tooth defects); he has a hearing aid to overcome deafness; and the scrambling of his most vital blood vessels has been fixed by a "blue-baby" operation.

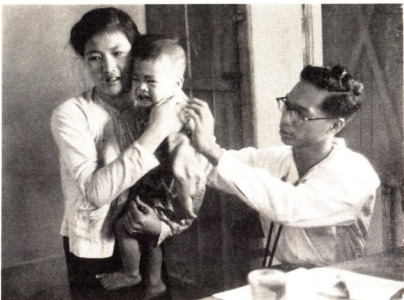
Some doctors have urged therapeutic abortion when expectant mothers contract German measles. Dr. Ingalls had a more positive suggestion: let the virologists, who have worked such wonders with other viruses (e.g., polio), redouble their efforts to isolate the German-measles virus; then the disease could be given by needle to all girls—one attack means lasting immunity. Meanwhile, if any girl has friends or family with German measles, try to make sure that she catches it.

### Health Commandos

When slim Filipino Nurse Pet Duruin arrived in Viet Nam, the first Vietnamese words she learned were: "*Mot ngay ba vien*," meaning "one tablet three times a day." Nurse Duruin repeated this phrase as often as 200 times a day as she passed out quinine and sulfa pills from her own thin, bronzed hand to the equally bronzed but thinner hands of the wretched refugees streaming in from the Communist north. For this was October 1954, following the

opium smokers, went among the leprosy patients at Phu Quoc, where doctors and nurses had no modern medicines.

But for the most part, Operation Brotherhood concentrated on the estimated million refugees, many of whom arrived with mutilated limbs and filthy, blood-caked wounds. Some reached the aid stations by sampan, some by oxcart; others were carried on relatives' shoulders or in a hammock slung from a bamboo pole. Accustomed to no more sophisticated medical treatments than massage, bamboo cupping or tiger balm, they were reluctant to wash the dirt off a wound. Some had shaved their heads, refused to



BROTHERHOOD DOCTOR & PATIENTS IN VIET NAM  
After bamboo cupping and tiger balm, sulfa and B<sub>1</sub>

Operation Brotherhood

invasion debacle that ended with the surrender of Dienbienphu to the Reds.

As the flood of refugees reached its crest, and southern Viet Nam doctors were hopelessly swamped, the Vietnamese Junior Chamber of Commerce appealed to its corresponding chapters in other lands for medical help. First to arrive were six doctors and three nurses from the Philippines, financed by contributions from schoolchildren. As "Operation Brotherhood" got rolling, in came three French nurses, four Japanese, 19 Nationalist Chinese, three Thais, five Malaysians, two U.S. secretaries, and some 200 Filipino doctors, nurses, dentists, nutritionists, social workers. Aged 18 to 60, they manned 14 medical centers, traveled through the Mekong delta by canoe and sampan, by army truck over the rugged roads of the Annam border country.

**Something for Everybody.** They made friends with the tough Cao Dai warlords and worked for several months in Red-delta areas, where the commonest complaint was a bullet in the belly. Occasionally they met half-naked hill tribesmen armed with bow and arrow. They worked in Saigon's shantytowns among prostitutes and

bathe, or relied on other traditional "remedies." But all wanted the reputedly powerful medicines from the West. Said a Thai nurse: "When you start a distribution of medicine, everybody must get something or they feel offended."

**Next: Laos.** Brotherhood doctors performed 5,023 major operations (including countless Caesareans) with a death rate of only 2.4% despite the primitive operating conditions and the shortage of plasma. With the nurses, they gave 721,370 medical treatments. Besides antimalarial and anti-TB drugs, they passed out truckloads of sulfas, and B<sub>1</sub> pills to guard against beriberi. They fought the threat of smallpox, typhoid and cholera epidemics. After the new arrivals' wounds were dressed, the most pressing problems remaining were the results of poor food and worse housing—or the lack of any. Said Brotherhood Chairman Oscar Alrenano, a Manila architect: "The Mekong can flow with penicillin, but it won't solve the problem until these people get more meat at lunch, and tiles instead of straw over their heads."

In two years, the medical commandos trained 200 Vietnamese nurses to carry on

## TELEVISION & RADIO



BARBARA HEALEY & PET  
N.Y. Daily News  
Purrs for Christmas.

their work; last week they left Viet Nam. But for many of them, only a short vacation was ahead. Next stop: Viet Nam's neighbor, Laos, where five centers will be set up 100 miles apart, in the jungles stretching to the unmapped Yunnan border. For Laos, too, is underdoctored, and threatened with a repetition of Viet Nam's medical crisis.

### Mobilized for Hearing

Barbara Healey, 10, of Patchogue, N.Y. had almost complete loss of hearing in her left ear and considerable loss in the right as a result of a fall downstairs at the age of 13. She had to have special training in both speech and hearing. When Manhattan's Otolaryngologist J. Douglas Lake was consulted, he decided to do a difficult and delicate operation called mobilization of the stapes (small bones of the inner ear). For realignment, the 1/4-inch (or shorter) bones had to be magnified 16 times under a new type of Zeiss lens. Last week Barbara was home again, enjoying Christmas carols clearly for the first time, and hearing—instead of merely feeling the vibrations—as her black kitten purred in her lap.

### No Escape

One of the survivors of Boston's Coconut Grove fire in 1942 (492 dead) was a 21-year-old Coast Guardsman, Clifford A. Johnson. Third-degree burns covered 40% of his skin, second-degree burns 15% more. In three months, he was given 100 blood and plasma transfusions, while his weight dropped from 168 to 112 lbs. He got 18 skin grafts, became famous as the first victim of such severe burns to be saved by medical science. Last week, back in his native Midwest, Johnson was driving a truck near Jefferson City, Mo. He missed a turn, and his truck crashed into a ditch, caught fire. Clifford Johnson was burned to death.

### Lot of Air

"TV is now well established," said the Federal Communications Commission this week in its annual report. The FCC backed up its understatement with some figures: the U.S. has 496 commercial TV stations on the air, against a mere 69 only seven years ago. This means that nearly 300 communities have at least one station, and 90% of the American people are within viewing range. And, with 128 applications for new stations on hand, the FCC expects the phenomenal growth to keep right up.

The report also contained a surprise for those who might think that TV has eclipsed radio: U.S. air waves now support 2,896 commercial AM stations, more than ever before, and more than twice as many as in radio's pre-TV heyday. Only commercial FM keeps slipping, has now dwindled to 530 stations. To see and hear all that TV and radio put out, U.S. homes have "more receivers than bathtubs or running water." The total: 164 million sets, over 60% of the world's total. Of these, 39,000,000 are TV sets, and they cost their owners a total of \$15 billion.

### The Show Nobody Saw

The TV show that made the biggest splash in Chicago last week was one that nobody got to see. When the Chicago Tribune's WGN scheduled the biographical film Martin Luther for its U.S. TV premiere, Roman Catholics swamped the station with protesting letters, postcards and telephone calls. Sample: "We object to you showing the film because it makes a hero out of a rat." WGN abruptly canceled the movie. That set up a new clamor. Lutherans, other Protestants, some Jewish groups objected furiously, sent 1,000 telegrams of protest in a single day. The National Council of Churches called the cancellation "a blow to religious liberty." Cried an American Civil Liberties Union spokesman: "This thing is outrageous! If people don't like a TV movie, they can turn it off, but they have no business trying to coerce a TV station into keeping others from seeing it."

Even WGN's avowed reason for canceling the film raised doubts as to its wisdom in knuckling under to what it called "an emotional reaction." The station explained lamely that it merely wanted to avoid being "a party to the development of any misunderstanding or ill will among persons of the Christian faith."

### Elementary

Over cocktails, an eminent U.S. chemist expressed his concern about the death of young people interested in scientific careers. A television producer in search of programs overheard him. "If you feel that way," he said, "you should do something about it." So the chemist, Nobel Prize-winner Glenn T. Seaborg, co-discoverer of plutonium, and the TVman, Program Director Jonathan Rice of San Francisco's educational station KQED, got together.

The result of this collaboration, a series of ten half-hour television lessons called *The Elements*, will begin in January over the 22 educational TV stations in the U.S.

Chief scriptwriter and star of the show is tall, earnest Chemist Seaborg, who believes that "science should be a part of the repertory of a cultured man." The films were put together with a paltry \$44,000 budget by Rice and the staff of KQED, one of the most adventurous educational stations. In most of them Seaborg chats cannily about his favorite subject: nuclear science and the elements, "the building blocks of nature." His props include batches of the nine-odd man-made elements (plutonium, berkelium, etc.), batteries of blinking lights, clicking radiation counters, and black and white checkers to signify protons and neutrons. Seaborg uses them to demonstrate the manipulation of highly radioactive substance. In one film, for example, he extemporizes while a mechanical arm juts out from a wall, picks up a flashlight and directs a beam into a vat of boiling fluid. Another arm lifts a bottle of deadly radioactive fluid and pours a tiny but lethal amount into a test tube. A third mops the floor. Some of the shows deal with historic events in the young life of nuclear physics: in one, the University of California's Dr. Ernest O. Lawrence explains with magnets and diagrams how he invented the cyclotron.

"This series is the biggest thing we've ever attempted," says Rice, who has made some 85 educational shows (including a series with Atom Physicist Edward Teller). "It needed to be done, if only as a historical document." The document was crudely etched. Because both funds and the spare time of modern scientists were at a premium, there were few rehearsals and few retakes. Budgetary corners were



TV CHEMIST SEABORG & PROPS  
Lessons for culture.



sharply cut, e.g., when Seaborg asked for a relief globe he got a weather balloon, and when that burst, made do with a beach ball. But the producers and performers in *The Elements* were not haunted by the limitations of commercial TV, and therefore were able to build their shows on the conception that their viewers would look because they wanted to be taught and challenged. As a result, *The Elements* provides leisurely efforts to explain the method as well as the feats of science, along with laymanlike discussions of the structure of the atom, the history of chemistry, chemical processes in industry, the construction of the universe.

## New Leaf for TV

Educators have long warned that TV has been turning the old art of reading into a closed book for the latest generation. But last week Emerson Greenaway, director of Philadelphia's Free Library, credited TV with, of all things, an improvement in reading standards. Said Greenaway: "Everybody can see mysteries, westerns and love stories on television, so when they come to the library, they ask for more serious books." Result: the library now spends more of its book-buying budget on classics, less on shallow stuff. TV, he says, has also stimulated a reading interest in famous plays, and even the quiz shows have done their bit. Thanks largely to their incentive for boning up on the answers, Greenaway maintains, the circulation of nonfiction has more than doubled in ten years.

## Light Touch

Some of TV's best shows are the bright little animated-cartoon commercials that charm the viewer into yielding to Madison Avenue's "soft sell." The best of them, such as the Harry and Bert beer ads, come from Hollywood's UPA Pictures, Inc., whose booming output has not only rescued it from the theater slump but spawned branch studios in Manhattan and London. Last week, acting on the obvious conclusion, CBS began showing UPA's cartoon artistry strictly for its own entertaining sake. Aglow with ingenuity as radiant as its Technicolor, the *Boing-Boing Show* (Sun. 5:30 p.m., E.S.T.) became the first weekly all-cartoon revue to reach the home screen.

The half-hour show takes its name and its animated M.C. from the 1950 Oscar-winning cartoon, *Gerald McBoing-Boing*, a moppet who cannot speak words but emits "bo-i-i-n-n-g-g-s" and other sound effects. Still mute except for an occasional train whistle, drum roll or dynamite blast, M.C. Gerald devotes six minutes of each program to showing a UPA (United Productions of America) film already seen in theaters, the rest to new material. This week little Gerald ran off UPA's version of Ludwig Bemelmans' picture tale, *Madeline*, putting his twelve little Parisian schoolgirls into animation that catches not only the image but also the spirit of the original. Fresh from the drawing board came *The Twelve Days of Christmas*, an imaginatively designed il-

lustration of the old song; *Alouette*, a gentle fable about a bird that blossoms only uncaged, and *Freescym*, the story of an ice-cream salesman with a weakness for changing the tune played by the bells on his truck.

**Etiquette & Fables.** The *Boing-Boing Show* probably makes the most artful use of color yet seen in television; the reason is that the palette is in the hands of artists. Even though it loses much as black-and-white viewing, the show's appeal is unique in current programing. Its light comic touch, in both content and style, keeps the most fragile whimsy aloft and should start adults elbowing children for space in front of the set. In fact, its one flaw may be that in reaching adults it loses the younger of the young set.

UPA's technique of cartooning takes especially well to TV. The artists tackle any and all subjects with simple, stylized

The show is a treat far costlier than its makers originally estimated; the rising cost of the laborious animating process pushed the price of the average half-hour to \$60,000, more than that of some top-flight variety shows with expensive live performers. Mainly for this reason, UPA was placed in a strange position for a cartoon company that holds the best possible credentials from TV advertisers. It still lacks the one thing to make its new show complete: a sponsor.

## Program Preview

For the week starting Thursday, Dec. 27. Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

### TELEVISION

**The Bob Hope Chevy Show** (Fri. 9 p.m., NBC). Entertaining U.S. troops in Alaska.

**At Year's End** (Sun. 3 p.m., CBS).



Ludwig Bemelmans

MADLINE, TIGER & MOPPETS ON TV  
From the soft sell, an order of whimsy.

line drawings, airy design, and a sense of caricature that shows up in backgrounds and movements as well as in the characters. The very simplicity of the technique puts a high premium on the cartoonist's imagination, but makes the cartoon better suited to the small TV screen.

**One Thing Lacking.** CBS thought well enough of the prospects to buy 25% of UPA's stock for about \$1,000,000 and to order a 26-show series for the current season. The network also has an option to keep the series going for seven years beyond that. In future weeks Gerald will preside over the same lively blend of the whimsical and the wacky. There will be cartoons on such artists and inventors as Henri Rousseau, Robert Fulton and Samuel F.B. Morse; the adventures of Dusty, a circus boy; comic versions of famous historic moments (*Nero Fiddles*, *The Trojan Horse*); etiquette lessons by a well-meaning but maladroit fop named Mr. Charmley.

A three-hour summing up of the top events of the year, with the CBS news crew.

**Air Power** (Sun. 6:30 p.m., CBS). *The 1930s*, narrated by Walter Cronkite, Jimmy Doolittle.

**Goodyear Playhouse** (Sun. 9 p.m., NBC). Agatha Christie's *A Murder Is Announced*.

**Omnibus** (Sun. 9 p.m., ABC). *The Art of Choreography*, with Agnes de Mille.

**Producer's Showcase** (Mon. 8 p.m., NBC). *Call to Freedom*, the history of Austria's fights for freedom.

**Bowl Games:** Cotton (Tues. 1:45 p.m., NBC), Texas Christian v. Syracuse; Sugar (Tues. 2 p.m., ABC), Tennessee v. Baylor; Rose (Tues. 4:45 p.m., NBC), Iowa v. Oregon State.

### RADIO

**Metropolitan Opera** (Sat. 2 p.m., ABC). Verdi's *Ernani*.

**New York Philharmonic** (Sun. 2:30 p.m., CBS). Handel's *The Messiah*.

## SPORT

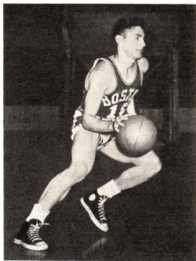
### Good Times in the Garden

Boston sports fans are notoriously hard to please. In 1953 Lightweight Jimmy Carter had to floor Boston's own Tommy Collins ten times before the issue was acceptably settled; last season the baseball crowd was not sufficiently satisfied until Ted Williams, after again proving himself one of the great ballplayers of all time, condescended to spit at them, one and all. But this winter the fans are having a miserable time. Night after night, as they troop into the hugely nondescript Boston Garden, they find nothing to grouch about. Reason: the Boston Celtics are bouncing along toward the National Basketball Association title, and the Boston Bruins, after seven seasons of mediocrity or worse, are skating hell-bent for the National Hockey League championship.

**Boston's Bill.** Boston's basketball pros have long boasted most of the best players in the N.B.A.; now they fit together into the best team. The deadpan fakery and ballet-ball handling of Bob Cousy are as spectacular as ever. Under the backboards, muscular Jim Loscutt, once of the University of Oregon, is throwing his weight (225 lbs.) around with bruising efficiency. The soft, high-arcing long shots of quiet Bill Sharman are hitting so often that he is now being called one of the greatest set-shot marksmen in the history of the game.

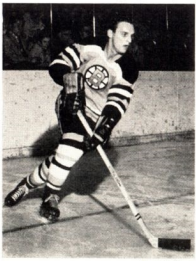
Until Sharman pulled a muscle in his right thigh this month, the Celtics had performed the remarkable feat of winning 14 of their 18 games. With Sharman out, they lost to Philadelphia, Rochester, Syracuse and New York, giving Boston rooters a chance to realize who was making the difference. In 19 games, 6-ft.-2-in. Bill Sharman had achieved a .433 field-goal percentage, far ahead of Cousy's magnificent, and up there with the leading giants of the league, Philadelphia's Johnston, 6 ft. 8 in., and New York's Gallatin, 6 ft. 6 in. On the foul line he missed the incredibly small total of nine out of 121 foul shots.

Once a promising Dodger farmhand, U.S.C. Alumnus Bill Sharman used to nurse fond dreams of big-league baseball. ("I'm the guy who was going to shove Snider out of center field," he remembers with a wry smile.) Now he knows that basketball is his game. He is so central to the Celtics' championship hopes that last week Coach Red Auerbach refused to tempt trouble by putting him back in uniform too soon for the four and five pounding miles of running required in a pro game. So Bill bided his time until the St. Louis Hawks invaded the Boston Garden late last week. Then, Bill Russell, San Francisco's string of coordinated spaghetti, put on a pro uniform for the Celtics and overcame first-game nervousness to put on a defensive display of perfection. Cousy, cool as ever in the clutch, fired the team to a last-minute rally and Bill Sharman came through with a last-second basket that won the game, 95-93.



SET-SHOT SHARMAN  
Cool and smooth.

**Waiting for Terry.** On the nights when the Garden's basketball floor was put away and the ice rink refrozen, hockey fans also had to suffer the woes of injuries. Goalie Terry Sawchuk, best of a generation of spotlight net tenders, fell ill (infectious mononucleosis), and Boston's narrow lead in the National Hockey League almost disappeared. But Coach Milt Schmidt, still smarting from a disappointing, injury-ridden season last year, snarled them back into winning ways. One of the secrets of his success was the decision to turn a so-so forward named Douglas ("Jet-Shot") Mohns into a defense man. In the front line last year, Jet-Shot scored only 18 points in 64 games. So far this season, operating from the back of the blue line, he has already scored 22 points in only 30 games. On the ice, Mohns backs up his shooting talents with surly vigor. A quiet,



JET-SHOT MOHNS  
Hot and rough.

deadpan competitor, swift, blond Defense-man Mohns has the lean, utilitarian build of a Big Ten halfback, and he packs one of the roughest pairs of fists in hockey.

Last week when the Detroit Red Wings came to town, Goalie Sawchuk was still recuperating, and without him the Bruins were vulnerable. But Coach Schmidt's stiff training schedule had them prepared. Jet-Shot Mohns helped set up an early Boston goal, and the hard-pressed Bruins managed to hide behind it. The game ended in a tie, Boston 1, Detroit 1, leaving the Bruins still in first place, three thin points ahead of Detroit.

### Scoreboard

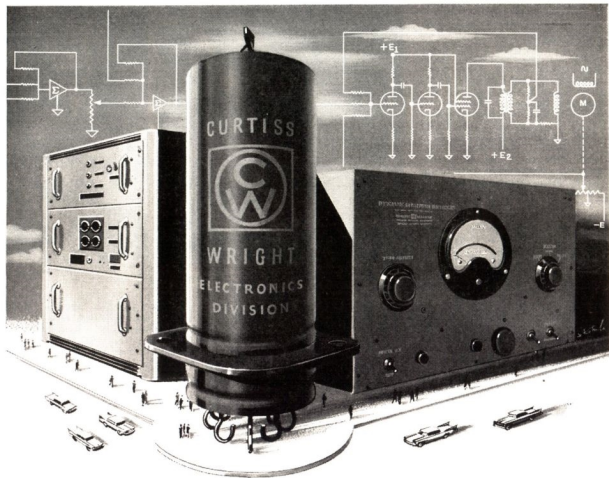
☞ "Gosh, I wish I'd missed it by one vote," said Tennessee's Bowden Wyatt when he was told that the American Football Coaches Association had named him Coach of the Year. Sugar Bowl-bound for a New Year's Day game with Baylor, the Volunteers are balanced on the peak of an unbeaten season, and Wyatt is too busy keeping them there to enjoy the honor. "This puts extra pressure on you," said he.

☞ Wearing the pin-stripe flannels of the New York Yankees will be a profitable pastime next season for Lawrence ("Yogi") Berra and Edward ("Whitey") Ford. In return for last summer's superlative performance (30 regular-season home runs and three in the World Series), Catcher Berra, a ten-year veteran, got a \$58,000 contract. No catcher has ever equaled Yogi's pay. Pitcher Ford, who just missed out on a 20-game season (19-6), has an 80-28 record for five years with the Yanks and a 4-2 record in World Series play. All this raised Whitey's pay to \$35,000.

☞ Apparently convinced that Middleweight Champion Sugar Ray Robinson really means to tangle with Utah's Gene Fullmer, International Boxing Club publicists set about proving that, come Jan. 2, paying customers will really see a fist fight. Fullmer's right cross, they announced after subjecting the punch to split-second electronic analysis, travels at 30.4 m.p.h., packs a 1.260-lb. wallop. Robinson's right licks along at 15.2 m.p.h., but it lands with the weight of 1,500 lbs. Robinson, for one, was unimpressed by the revelation. "Don't care how fast it goes," said he, "just so the guy gets the message."

☞ For the fourth straight year (and fourth time in thoroughbred racing), U.S. horse-players bet more than \$2 billion. Of the \$2,231,528,140 total wagered at parimutuel windows in the 24 states where on-course betting is legal, the states themselves took a \$164,418,294 bite. Most voracious were the New York State tax collectors, who swallowed \$43,177,361, more than one-quarter of the national tax total.

☞ Knocked almost out of the ring in the first round of his rematch with Mexico's Gaspar Ortega, former Welterweight Champion Tony DeMarco came back to trade wallops for nine more rounds in one of the most furious fights in years. But DeMarco couldn't quite stop the long-armed Mexicali Indian, lost to him for the second time in a month on a split decision even closer than the first.



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# SCIENCE

## Baby Gorilla

About 8:40 one morning last week, Warren Deane Thomas, a 26-year-old Ohio State University graduate student and employee of the Columbus Zoo, walked into the monkey house to feed the animals. When he reached the cage of Christina, a nine-year-old, 280-lb. gorilla, he found her squatting listlessly in a far corner, indifferent to the hard-boiled egg he held. Then he saw why: on the floor squirmed a baby gorilla—probably the first ever born in captivity.

The birth came as a surprise, since zoo officials knew that Christina was pregnant, but had little idea what a gorilla's gestation period is (in Christina's case it proved to be 250 days). Thomas dropped the egg and stepped into the cage. "I wasn't thinking of anything but the baby," he explained later. But Christina, who had probably given birth only three minutes earlier, was too dazed to attack him. She scurried into a retreat cage, and Thomas closed the door after her. Then he rushed with the baby to the zoo kitchen and removed the sac. He noticed that the baby was having difficulty breathing and began slapping her on the back. She caught her breath and lost it again. "I knew the strongest stimulant for respiration is carbon dioxide," Thomas said. "I started breathing into her mouth." He kept it up for 15 minutes. "I was all alone," he explains, "and knew that history was in the making, but I didn't have time to think about anything but keeping that baby alive." When he was becoming exhausted, the baby started to breathe.

Zoo attendants put her in an incubator and started feeding her a special baby formula. At week's end the baby (whose father is a 400-lb., 11-year-old gorilla



CHRISTINA'S DAUGHTER  
A breath of carbon dioxide.

Associated Press



MONARCH & TORONTO'S URQUHART  
A flavor of toast.

named Baron) weighed in at 4½ lbs., and was given a fair chance to survive if she weathered the first few days. If she lives, the happy zoo officials will conduct a city-wide contest to choose a name for her.

## The Migratory Butterflies

A favorite mystery of nature lovers is the behavior of the showy, black-and-orange monarch butterflies, which appear to fly south in fall like migratory birds. Many authorities have doubted that insects have the brains and endurance to make a real migration to avoid the northern winter. The strategy of most insects is to sit out the winter as eggs or pupae. Last week Dr. Frederick Urquhart, director of Toronto's zoology museum, told about a 19-year study that tends to prove that Monarchs do migrate.

In 1938 Dr. Urquhart, then a young zoologist on the museum's staff, began trying to label monarch butterflies to find out how far they fly. He soon ran into tagging trouble. A label that sticks firmly to a monarch's wing is apt to make it aerodynamically unstable.

**Insect Aerodynamics.** During World War II, Dr. Urquhart worked for the Royal Canadian Air Force, and familiarity with airplanes gave him new ideas. He figured that small paper labels attached to the leading edges of the butterflies' wings close to the body instead of on the surfaces would not interfere as much with their flyability. Little by little Dr. Urquhart learned to make the labels stick by cutting small holes in the wing, folding the label over the hole and gluing the paper to itself rather than to the almost adhesive-proof wing. In 1950 and 1951 he tagged 3,000 butterflies, hopefully set them free, and wrote for letters responding to the address tags. He got only one letter—from the meaningless distance of 40 miles.

But large-scale help was on the way. After Dr. Urquhart's wife wrote a non-technical article in the American Museum



Foldes—Monkmeyer; Macleod—Gilbert A. Milne

of Natural History's magazine *Natural History*, eager volunteers came forward, and butterfly-tagging started on a continent-wide scale. Again, failure. It soon became apparent that the labels were not sticking in wet weather.

**Matter of Taste.** Next season Dr. Urquhart and his growing corps of volunteers were ready with waterproof paper labels. In 1955, 382 taggers put labels on 10,000 butterflies. This time 30 letters came. Tagged Monarchs had been found as far south as Virginia.

That winter Dr. Urquhart migrated south himself and found another reason why so few of his tagged butterflies were being reported. Ordinarily, birds do not eat Monarchs, and naturalists have assumed that they taste bad. Dr. Urquhart tried Monarchs and found that they have hardly any taste, resembling dry toast. So he was not surprised to find that birds eat labeled Monarchs without hesitation. The bit of white paper seems to spoil a natural color pattern that keeps birds away.

To overcome bird predation, Dr. Urquhart and his assistants tagged 20,000 Monarchs in 1956. So far, 125 have been found. Some butterflies tagged in Ontario got all the way to Texas and the Gulf Coast. Dr. Urquhart points out that several generations of Monarchs live and die each summer in northern regions, feeding principally on milkweed. Then the generation that is adult when cold weather approaches flies south to spend the winter. Since Monarchs do not breed in the south, the same butterflies move north again in spring.

## Early Cousin

For a decade the mammoth limestone caves of the Makapansgat Valley in South Africa (TIME, June 20, 1955) have been yielding the bones and implements of a remarkably human creature known to anthropologists as *Australopithecus prometheus* (African man-ape).



# MUSIC

*Prometheus* roamed the savannas during the early Ice Age a million or so years ago, and anthropologists believe he may have been one of the first "protomen." His most ardent biographer is Anatomist Raymond Arthur Dart of Johannesburg, who has constructed a vivid picture of his ways from the man-ape fragments thus far dug up. In a report released by the Smithsonian Institution, Dr. Dart adds a few more imaginative strokes to his Promethean portrait.

The fact that his spinal cord entered his skull from below, says Dr. Dart, suggests that *Prometheus* "strode and raced across the veld" on two legs. Most of the remains so far uncovered have been those of a pygmy-sized creature (about 4 ft. high, 100 lbs.), with a brain twice the size of a chimpanzee's.

**Efficient Killer.** *Prometheus*, Dart concludes, must have been a prodigious hunter, because around his bones are scattered fragments of the antelope, giraffe, buffalo, rhinoceros and hippopotamus. He also fished the streams for water turtles and robbed the nest of the shrike. Giant rodent moles, wart hogs and porcupines were staples of his diet. No creature except modern man has ever been such an efficient killer, says Dr. Dart.

*Prometheus* killed with the bones of his victims: the jawbones of prehistoric buffaloes, zebras and giraffes, the tusks of hyenas and saber-toothed tigers; stiletto-sharp shattered thighbones. For a small creature, he struck his victims with amazing force. One Makapansgat cave contains the skull of a young man-ape who was killed, Dr. Dart believes, with a bludgeon blow to the chin that shattered the jaw on both sides of the face and knocked out all front teeth.

**Modern Heel.** The dexterity with which *Prometheus* killed indicates, says Dr. Dart, that he possessed a heel much like modern man's. While an ape can squeeze and crush, it takes a heel-furnished man to "rotate the whole body around stabilized feet and therewith dance a jig, plant a fist in a face, throw an opponent in wrestling or hurl a projectile with accuracy." *Prometheus* was capable of doing all these things, and his dexterity enabled him to fashion crude stone tools with a cutting edge to slice up his victims after he killed them. Strangely, he often seemed to prefer to cut off the heads of animals or fellow man-apes, leaving the bodies to rot in the veld. This may have been because he had a taste for brains (he frequently bored a small hole in the skulls of his victims).

*Prometheus* probably had a communication system of sorts, says Dr. Dart. Hunting and the techniques and tools of killing probably forced him to develop "an adequate number of distinctive gestures and signals . . . for communicating [his] intentions while assembling and employing tools . . . and dividing the spoils of the chase." His proudest accomplishment may even have been the use of fire. Dr. Dart has discovered a number of charred animal bones in the Makapansgat caves which he thinks might have been scorched in a man-ape bonfire.

## Rising Quartet

String quartet players probably have more fun than any other musicians, for each of them—two fiddlers, a violist and a cellist—is in sole charge of a part that would be played by a whole section in an orchestra. But string-quartet music, limited to small halls, has a reputation as "difficult" listening. It has none of the sensational blare and boom of a symphony, its finely-spun lines are pared to essentials, requiring the listener's intense concentration; also, it lacks a conductor, whose dramatics an audience can follow. Today, the way for a quartet to establish a name is to play, of all things, modern music. Reason: it brings almost certain notoriety with the public, and awe with

and its one incredible moment of whistling, fluting overtones.

Today the Parrenins are admired across Europe, but in 1942 they were simply superior students at the conservatory who liked to make music together. During the occupation, they might have been sent to forced labor in Germany—or at least to careers as orchestral musicians, which they felt would also mean oblivion—but for the intervention of the late conservatory director, Claude Delvincourt, who provided them with fake identification and ration cards, got them financial support that allowed them to go on playing as a quartet.

**Enthusiastic Search.** By 1944 the group was becoming familiar to French radio listeners, but the members still supported



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Martha Holmes

other musicians and critics. Paris' rising Parrenin Quartet® has done just that. Last week touring the U.S. for the first time, the group played in Manhattan's Public Library; it lived up to its notoriety, inspired its share of awe.

**Forced Labor.** It proved to be a blooded group, fully capable of stirring up a roomful of excitement while its players maintained a kind of Gallic detachment. In a program of modern French music, they gave a virtuoso performance, rippling through the runs with the clear articulation of woodwinds, melting into the passionate sections with sharply contrasting warmth. The players neatly sorted out the intricacies of Martinet's twelve-tone *Variations* and romped through Milhaud's dancy, polytonal *Quartet No. 13*. They spectacularly dramatized Martinon's *Quartet, Op. 43*, with its melodramatic outbursts, its massed tonal tumbles, its lovely patterns in the adagio movement

themselves and their wives by jobbing in local orchestras. In 1948 Delvincourt lent them a house in Paris (willed to him by a music-loving friend). "It was very little, very dirty, very uncomfortable," says Jacques Parrenin. "Our wives didn't want to live there." Actually, after some refurbishing, all members and their families have lived there contentedly for the past eight years, played from morning till night. They got a few concert dates, and in 1952 came the break: they were asked to play a difficult modern work (by Germany's Hans Werner Henze) at a German music festival. Other quartets had taken one look at the score and declined, but the Parrenins accepted, found themselves on the way to fame.

Since then, the Parrenins have worked 58 pieces into their repertoire, including such imposing quartets as the six by Bartok and the one by Elliott Carter. Ahead for the booming Parrenins after their U.S. tour: tours of England, Europe, Indonesia, Australia and New Zealand, and an enthusiastic search for more modern chamber music.

® Named, as are many quartets, after the first violinist. The members: Jacques Parrenin, Marcel Charpentier, Serge Collot, Pierre Penassou.

## Love Letters to Rambler



James Fasana

**James Fasana**, of Kenosha, Wis., has been in the used car business for 35 years. Buying and selling thousands of cars of all makes qualifies him as an automobile expert with no "axe to grind." Which does he choose as his personal car? Read his letter:

"I have owned six Ramblers and have yet to find a more economical or serviceable car for the money. I recently completed a trip from Gallup, New Mexico, to Milwaukee (1,580 miles). Total gas, oil and maintenance expense did not exceed sixteen dollars."

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Auto dealers, insurance companies and finance companies depend on the N.A.D.A. Used Car Guide and Red Book National Market Reports as the "bibles" of used car value. Both rate Rambler first in resale value among all low-priced cars. See the new '57 Ramblers, V-8 or 6, at Nash dealers, at Hudson dealers.



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THE WORLD OVER



## New Pop Records

George Gershwin's *Porgy & Bess* was intended to be an American folk opera, with jazz as the lifeblood of its score. But, as a musical show, it had to be all written down, could not take chances with improvisation, and thus lacked the prime ingredient of jazz. Now Bethlehem Records has taken a daring step: with an impressive concentration of forces—including Duke Ellington's band, the Australian Jazz Quintet, a vocal group and ten leading singers—it has recorded the famed work in a real jazz spirit. Each selection is accompanied by a different combo, e.g., Duke Ellington for a highly charged version of *Summertime*, a creative trumpet backing for *I Got Plenty of Nuthin'*, and plenty of improvised solos are sprinkled throughout. To keep the spirit of improvisation intact, Bethlehem indulged in some offbeat casting, with surprising results. Frances Faye's bone-dry, heart-of-gold style is strangely apt as the voice of the inconstant Bess, and Mel Tormé's smoky tones give a proper touch of pathos to the part of the crippled Porgy. The oily voice of Al ("Jazzbo") Collins fills in narrative gaps between tunes. This procedure dilutes some of *Porgy's* dramatic excitement, but musically it is an exhilarating affair.

**Baby Doll** (Andy Williams; Cadence). This ditty, from background music for the controversial film (TIME, Dec. 24), begins with vocal leers, groans and gasps, but deteriorates into a fairly commonplace rock 'n' roll number. Moral of the lyrics: keep away from Baby Doll.

**Bing Sings Whilst Bregman Swings** (Verve LP). After 22 years of making records for Decca—plus a few before even Decca latched onto him—Bing Crosby steps out with a handful of oldies on a new label, proves himself virtually indestructible. It is only when he tries to swing too high that he begins to sound his age (52).

**Cindy, Oh Cindy** (Eddie Fisher; RCA Victor). A tune that belongs around a campfire or between the rounds of a square dance gets the neon-lighted Hollywood treatment—French horns, a near-angelic chorus and young Songman Fisher bellowing the nice lyrics at the top of his nice young voice.

**The Fang** (Nervous Norvus; Dot). One of those tough patter songs with a science-fiction twist: this cat was born on Mars and he's laying the other planets low. He wears "real nervous pegs with a crazy crease," and he's gonna "hit these chicks with a Martian jolt." Good for a spin or two.

**Friendly Persuasion** (Anthony Perkins; Epic). A movie tune with lyrics in Quaker lingo ("Thee is mine . . . thee pleasures me") that make the canny Quakers look pretty silly. It has a mighty purty tune, but that old Quaker from Russia, Dimitri Tiomkin.

**The Money Tree** (Patience & Prudence; Liberty). The insouciant, talented girls who smashed through with *Tonight You Belong to Me* burble out another



PATIENCE & PRUDENCE  
Income tax rhymes with Cadillacs.

cutie, a fantasy about the town of Greenback, where everybody's ahead on their income tax, adriavin' next year's Cadillac.

**Mama from the Train** (Patti Page; Mercury). Tin Pan Alley takes a flyer at Pennsylvania Dutch with a humorous twist, e.g., "Throw mama from the train [pause] a kiss, a kiss." The joke is good enough—for a while.

**I Wonder What Became of Me** (Anita Ellis; Epic LP). A progression of songs threaded on a first-person narrative. Songstress Ellis pretends to recall her childhood, lispers her way through *If I Had a Ribbon Bow*, works her way through giddy happiness (*I Ain't Got No Shame*), through fierce, frightening love (*I Love You Porgy*), and on to final, hopeless reflections about her life in the title song. Songstress Ellis has a flexible voice, a flair for drama, sings well, puts the fantasy across handsily.

**Love in a Home** (Doris Day; Columbia). A warm sentiment from the show *L!t Abner*: "You can tell when you open the door . . . if there's love in a home." Songstress Day gives it a piteous tremor, almost makes it seem a painful thought.

**The Lord's on My Side** (Jimmy Wakely; Decca). Against some strong competition, this number may rank as the year's most repulsive record. The hero, admitted sad sack, liar and cheat, comes out all right because, by golly, the Lord is on his side. He is prompted in his wobbly confessional by a sanctimonious, echoing female, and goaded by a whining girls' trio in a sickly waltz.

**Petticoats of Potpourri** (Pérez Prado; RCA Victor). A rising tune whose shimmering lyrics belong in tinselled nightclub surroundings, in its most palatable version. Cuban Bandleader Prado presents it in slow mambo rhythm, and mercifully omits all vocals except for one Pradian grunt.

**Smoke Dreams** (Ronnie Deauville; Era LP). A voice as sweet and soothing as Frank Sinatra's was a dozen years ago and a style that is accurately billed as intimate. The slow and swingy tunes include *Say It Isn't So*, *It's Easy to Remember*, etc. Singer Deauville was injured in an automobile accident after making this collection, but even if he should never sing again, this record could bring him musical fame.

# TRADING STAMPS WIN BY LANDSLIDE IN REFERENDUM

*65% Of North Dakota Voters Approve Stamps In  
First Official Test By The People Of Any State*

## Consumers Themselves Give The Decisive Answer to Trading Stamp Opposition

The stage was set more than a year ago—March 5, 1955. On that date the Legislature of North Dakota passed a tax law on trading stamps. If allowed to remain, it would have ended stamp distribution in North Dakota.

This law clearly discriminated in favor of one group of merchants over another. Furthermore, it ignored the rights of many thousands of housewives to enjoy a form of thrift continuously popular in the state for 40 years.

Consumers—the people who stood to lose the most in this battle among merchants—took a hand immediately. Within a short time the minimum 7,000 signatures required for a referendum were obtained.

Thus it happened on Election Day, November 6, that the people of North Dakota participated in the first test of its kind in the United States—one where the people themselves could declare by vote their feelings about trading stamps.

On the basis of popular vote, the approval given to stamps was an even greater landslide than the 1956 presidential election. 65% voted in favor of stamps.

This clear-cut decision shows that the opposition to trading stamps does not come from consumers. And something more...consumers every day express their preference for trading stamps and they are doing it in the appropriate place—the marketplace.



NORTH DAKOTA, Nov. 6—Voters at the polls handing down their decision on the issue over trading stamps on the state's referendum. 159,801 voted "for trading stamps"; 84,319 voted "against."



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# EDUCATION

## The Rhodesmen

In setting up his famous trust, Empire Builder Cecil Rhodes had some sweeping ideas about what he wanted Rhodes Scholars to be. They must not, insisted Rhodes, "be merely bookworms." Their characteristics should include "fondness of, and success in, manly outdoor sports . . . qualities of manhood, truth, courage, devotion to duty, sympathy for, and protection of, the weak, kindness, unselfishness and fellowship." Last week President Courtney C. Smith of Swarthmore, American Rhodes secretary, announced the names of the 32 Americans who are supposed to fill this awesome bill.

Aged 19 to 25, the 32 were among hundreds of young men picked by their colleges in October to make a bid for the \$1,200, two-year scholarship. Their 48 state selection boards studied their records and interviewed them, eventually whittled the number of candidates down to two nominees for each state. The 96 still in the running then had to go through the same process again before six-state district boards which picked the final 32. This year's crop includes five junior Phi Beta Kappas and 24 more who will get their keys by graduation. Two of the men were editors of their college newspapers, nine won varsity letters, four were captains or co-captains of varsity teams. Examples of this year's Rhodesmen:

¶ Erich Gruen, 21, whose father owns a bakery in Arlington, Va., is an ancient history major at Columbia, got his Phi Beta Kappa key in his junior year. He is a member of the steering committee of the senior class, is director of classical music for the Columbia radio station, heads the Ted Kremer honor society which devotes itself to social service.

¶ David W. Baad, 22, graduate student in Far Eastern studies at the University of Michigan. Son of a high-school principal, he last year edited the *Michigan Daily*, was vice president of his class.

¶ Michael Stewart, 20, whose father is president of a steam turbine company in Trenton, N.J., played end on Princeton's football team, won the John Prentiss Poe Memorial cup, the highest honor Princeton can bestow on a varsity football player. An honor student in philosophy, he was vice president of his class, president of his eating club, Cap and Gown, president of the Westminster Foundation, Presbyterian religious meeting group.

¶ George W. Baer, 21, son of a Palo Alto auto dealer, was captain of Stanford's freshman water polo team, a key man in Stanford dramatic productions, a member of the Institute of International Relations. A history major, Baer spends his summers as a Palo Alto lifeguard, his winters making an almost straight A average.

## Worthy of Perusal

In the 303 years since it was published, Izaak Walton's *The Compleat Angler* has occupied a sure place as one of the most popular of English classics—and earned its author a reputation as one of the most genial of men. A onetime ironmonger, Walton wrote not for money but for pleasure, hoped each reader would share that pleasure and "that (if he be an honest Angler) the East wind may never blow when he goes a Fishing." But from Princeton University last week an ill wind did blow, setting many an honest angler to wondering whether their gentle idol was really as original as they thought.

The Walton story began in London two years ago when Manhattan Book Collector Carlo Otto v. Kienbusch picked up a dilapidated little volume from "a package of odds and ends from the attic of a country house." The volume was a real find—the only copy of a long-forgotten book published in 1577 on *The Arte of Angling*. Its title page had gone, and so had the name of its author. But its text had a distinctly familiar ring. Says Princeton Professor Gerald Eades Bentley in his introduction to the Princeton University Library's republication of the book: "It would appear to me likely that Izaak Walton had taken his idea for the general structure of *The Compleat Angler* from *The Arte of Angling*."

Both books were written in dialogue, and the two main characters, Piscator and Viator (changed in later Walton editions to Venator) are the same. Both books give similar information on how to bait a hook with a dead minnow and prepare certain kinds of fish. They even share the same errors. The author of the *Arte* says that the carp is "a fish not long known in England," while Walton says, "nor hath been long in England." Other coincidences:

¶ In answering the question, "But how make you gentles [i.e., fly larvae] to keep them?" the *Arte* says: "Of a piece of a beast's liver, hanged in some corner over a pot or little barrel, with a cross stick and the vessel half full of red clay; and as they wax big, they will fall into that troubled clay and so scour them that they will be ready at all times." On the same subject, Walton says: "You may breed and keep gentles thus: take a piece of beast's liver, and with a cross stick hang it in some corner over a pot or barrel half full of dry clay; and as the gentles grow big, they will fall into the barrel, and scour themselves, and be always ready for use."

¶ On preparing malt as bait, the *Arte* says: "You must take a handful of well-made malt and rub it between your hands in a fair dish of water to make them as clean as you may . . ." Says Walton: "Get a handful of well-made malt, and put it into a dish of water, and then wash and rub it betwixt your hands till you make it clean . . ."

Damaging as such evidence may sound by today's standards, says Bentley, no angler should be dismayed: "Everybody in Walton's time borrowed from other books. Milton did it, Shakespeare did it. Nobody thought of it as plagiarism at the time." Besides which, Walton fans will undoubtedly go right on agreeing with Walton's own judgment of his book: "And though this Discourse may be lyable to some Exceptions, yet I cannot doubt but that most Readers may receive so much pleasure or profit by it, as may make it worthy the time of their perusal, if they be not very busie men."

## The Defector

Except for a few facts about his professional background, few of his colleagues ever got to know very much about the solemn, sullen associate professor in engineering that St. Louis University hired in the summer of '54. Born in the Ukraine,



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ANGLER WALTON & STUDENT  
Compleat coincidences.





GEODESIST MAKAR  
Dangerous data?

United Press

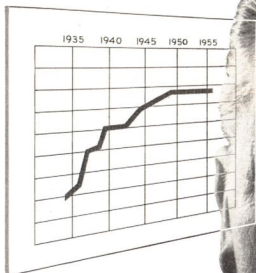
Orest Stephen Makar, 47, had taught in Warsaw and Munich before coming to the U.S. in 1949. He was a specialist in photogrammetry,\* worked for the U.S. Interior Department's Geodetic Survey, later got limited security clearance for a job at the White Sands Proving Ground in New Mexico. By the time he arrived in St. Louis, he and his wife were well on their way to becoming U.S. citizens.

As the months passed, students and faculty members began to realize that there was something very strange about Makar. When he wasn't haranguing about photogrammetry, his major obsession, he was blasting the U.S. or excoriating his students for their stupidity. Eventually, so many of his students complained about his unreasonable ways that the university had to fire him as incompetent. Then, one night in September, the Makars suddenly disappeared.

Last week the U.S. embassy in Stockholm revealed that the Makars had written a letter "without a return address" renouncing their U.S. citizenship. During their stay in Sweden, they had gone to the Soviet embassy, declared their desire to become Soviet citizens, had finally boarded a plane for Moscow. There, in a downtown hotel, they furtively tried to avoid Western newsmen. But they had already spoken freely to the Soviet press, explaining that he had come to Russia because it had a big head start in Makar's field, "while in the United States we were just starting." The explanation was little comfort to some U.S. officials: it was just possible, they felt, that Makar had taken to his Communist hosts data on new American missiles tested at White Sands. Most likely, he was merely a tragic neurotic befuddled by his scientific obsession. But the haunting suspicion remained: Could he be another Klaus Fuchs?

\* The science of map making from photographs.

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# CINEMA

## Choice for 1956

AMERICAN

**The King and I.** The year's best musical (TIME, July 16).

**Somebody Up There Likes Me.** Paul Newman is brilliant as the slum-dumb hero in the story of Rocky Graziano's rise from mug to pug (TIME, July 23).

**Lust for Life.** A film biography of Vincent Van Gogh (Kirk Douglas), including a cinemuseum tour crammed with four-color, heroic-scale reproductions of Van Gogh's paintings (TIME, Sept. 24).

**Giant.** In the year's best Hollywood picture. Director George Stevens delivers a three-hour tirade against materialism as

## New Picture

**The Rainmaker** (Hol Wallis; Paramount). Most modern audiences seem to enjoy a good sermon—as long as it preaches what they practice. They are also increasingly symbol-minded—provided the symbols do not excite the mental so much as the sentimental faculties ("It isn't enough that boy meets girl," one playwright complained. "Now they want to know what he metaphor"). They also have a kindly feeling of superiority for an old maid—if she isn't too old. And everybody loves a cowboy picture.

All of these old-hat tricks were cleverly combined by Playwright N. Richard Nash



HEPBURN & LANCASTER  
A pleasant bit of focus-pocus.

the Lone Star State typifies it, and in the process wins a fine performance from the late James Dean (TIME, Oct. 22).

**Around the World in 80 Days.** Mike Todd makes the Jules Verne classic into a big, colorful show (TIME, Oct. 29).

**Secrets of the Reef.** Perhaps the most deeply thrilling of all the recent attempts to reveal on the screen the secrets of the sea (TIME, Dec. 3).

FOREIGN

**Richard III.** Laurence Olivier gives a tidy production to one of Shakespeare's messiest plays, and a powerful, intellectual interpretation of his greatest vaudeville villain (TIME, March 12).

**The Grand Maneuver.** An exquisite exercise in the art of film, all manner and no matter, directed by one of the screen's old masters, René Clair (TIME, Oct. 15).

**Vittelloni.** The year's best picture by the year's best director, Federico Fellini; a gentle satire on Italy's socially gilded, spiritually gelded youth (TIME, Nov. 5).

**Marcelino.** The story of a little child and of how he entered into the Kingdom of Heaven; made in Spain by Director Ladislao Vajda (TIME, Nov. 26).

in *The Rainmaker*, a pleasant bit of focus-pocus that scored high on TV, and then ran for 3½ months on Broadway during the 1954-55 season. Sold to Hollywood for \$350,000, the play has now been made into one of the most warmly appealing romantic comedies of the season.

Playwright Nash, who also wrote the film script, tells a story "about droughts that happen to people," and about how the rains come to a dust-bowl daisy named Lizzie Curry (Katharine Hepburn). Lizzie is a girl who believes she is "as plain as old shoes," and that no man would want to have her underfoot. Nevertheless, she can't help wanting to be there. "Pride? I ran out of that a long time ago," she tells her father (Cameron Prud'Homme) and two brothers (Lloyd Bridges and Earl Holliman). "I just want to be a woman." They rush into town and, in a hilarious parody of the old John Alden bit, invite the deputy sheriff (Wendell Corey) out to supper. The sheriff lends a helping hand. "You need something warm up against yer backside at night," he declares. "Last night," the deputy doubtfully recalls, "was 104 degrees."

Instead of the deputy, a stranger (Burt

Lancaster) comes to supper—a rip-roaring young buckaroo, part prophet and part pitchman, with the natural force of a Kansas twister and much the same blow-hard approach. The stranger soon has the house in an uproar and Lizzie's head in a whirl with his promise to bring the rain their crops need, and with his threat to awaken the love her heart fears and long for. Price: \$100. "Electrify the col front!" he cries. "Neutralize the war front! Barometrize the tropopause! Says Lizzie: "Bunk!" But the rainmaker has an answer for that. "Lady, you're right! . . . But you gotta take my deal because once in your life you gotta take a chance." And her father goes along with that. "You gotta take a whole chance without bein' afraid of gettin' hurt or gettin' cheated or gettin' laughed at."

Lizzie takes her chance, and strangely, it turns out that the chance she takes is the chance she gets, that the grace he has given is the grace he has received. For the first time in his life, somebody believes he can really make rain; and for the first time in his life, he really can.

The philosophy, for all *The Rainmaker's* deluge of it, is not much deeper than a puddle, and the moviegoer can usually slish ahead without bogging down. The too, Director Joseph Anthony keeps his actors moving nimbly along. Actor Lancaster does a businesslike job as the rainmaker. Prud'Homme and Holliman are excellent as the father and the younger brother. Actress Hepburn does not always surely suggest the stages in Lizzie's life as she passes from emotional chrysalis to vivid imaginal maturity, but she holds the eye in scene after scene like a brilliant moth as she batters wildly about one another light o' love. Most welcome in her performance is the restraint put on the all-too-well-known Hepburn mannerisms—apparently by Director Anthony, a man who once heated up an old chestnut and hurled it at another overactive actress: "Look, dear, don't just do something, stand there!"

## Man in Need of a Shave

Anthony Quinn, now 41, is a Hollywood actor who in 20 years before the cameras has seldom been permitted by his employers to create anything more significant than a three days' growth o' beard. In 1952 Director Elia Kazan gave Quinn a good part in *Viva Zapata!*, and he won an Oscar as the year's best supporting actor. In 1954, while on a visit to Italy, Quinn made a memorable meatball of the carnival strongman in Federico Fellini's *La Strada*, and last year he produced a vivid portrait of a genius as Painter Paul Gauguin in *Lust for Life*. The critics raved, and everybody seemed to agree that nothing was too good for Actor Quinn. Nevertheless, in his two latest pictures, just about the most significant thing his employers have permitted him to create is a three days' growth of beard.

**The Wild Party** (Security: Unrated Artists) is a crude thriller that pretends when it has nothing worse to do, to be

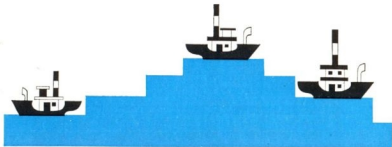


OHMART & QUINN  
A real human slob.

a bloody study of juvenile delinquency. The actors all try desperately to talk rect, but somehow it comes out wrong. Actor Quinn is "Big Tom . . . ex-football player, ex-hero, ex-person," who now has nothing to do but "just kind of pleasure myself around." On the night of the wild party he is "coal-mine low," and snarls, "I gotta tear the world in two."

The tear begins, and for a while, as Big Tom cuts recklessly into the lives of the hero and heroine, the story has some of the horrible fascination of the old Saw Situation of silent days. One of Big Tom's evil associates (Jay Robinson), a sort of Ivy League Peter Lorre, picks up a rich girl (Carol Ohmart) and her naval escort (Arthur Franz) in a fancy bar and offers to take them slumming where the piano is progressive. Big Tom is there, and he dances with the girl in a forward way. "That's how I operate," he murmurs, breathing hard, "two times normal and twice as fast." They all drive away in Tom's car, and for most of the next hour Actor Quinn has nothing to do but knock the hero down and push the heroine over.

**Man from Del Rio** (Robert L. Jacks: United Artists) is a conventional western with a more or less conventional moral, *viz.*, if you try to run a gunman out of town when the wrist of your gun hand is broken, be sure the scriptwriter is on your side. In this one, Actor Quinn plays a gunman who arrives in a one-saloon town and, in a remarkably short time, ventilates three bad men. The good citizens promptly name him sheriff, presumably on the theory that it is better to have a bad sheriff who can shoot fast than a good one who can't. It is a tribute to Quinn's inventiveness that by scratching, bumbling, slobbering and gazing dumbly out of his unshaven face, he manages to make a conventional pasteboard character seem like a real human slob.



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## RELIGION

### Baby Noah

From an Israeli scholar comes a new and, in itself, marvelous addition to the story of Noah, taken from the latest of the Dead Sea Scrolls to be unrolled.

The story, reported one of its translators, Soldier-Scholar Yigael Yadin of Jerusalem's Hebrew University, was written on goatskin in Aramaic in "a very pleasant hand." It tells how Noah's father Lamech (son of Methuselah) was married to his own sister—a custom necessitated in earliest times by the shortage of women. Lamech, according to the scroll, began to suspect that Baby Noah was not his own child—apparently with good reason. At birth the child "rose up in the hands of the midwife and conversed with the Lord of Righteousness." His body was "white as snow and red as the blooming of the rose," his hair was "white as wool," and when he opened his eyes they lighted the house "like the sun." Fearing that Noah was really the child of "the Watchers, the Holy Ones or the fallen angels," Lamech spoke to his sister-wife about it in no uncertain terms, and she in turn replied "with great vigor," reminding Lamech of the intimate details of Noah's conception.

Still worried, Lamech asked his father Methuselah (who died at the age of 969) to apply to his grandfather Enoch, who had disappeared at the age of 365 and won his "dwelling-place among the angels." But what immortal Enoch told Lamech about the future arkite is unknown. The rest of the story is missing.

### Sacred Electronics

The five machines stood, rectangular, silver-green, silent. They were obviously not thinking about anything at all as Archbishop Giovanni Battista Montini of Milan raised his hand to bless them.

"It would seem at first sight," said the archbishop, "that automation, which transfers to machines operations that were previously reserved to man's genius and labor, so that machines think and remember and correct and control, would create a vaster difference between man and the contemplation of God. But this isn't so. It mustn't be so. By blessing these machines, we are causing a contract to be made and a current to run between the one, people, religion, and the other, technology. . . . These machines become a modern means of contact between God and man."

So last week at the Jesuit philosophical institute known as the Aloysianum (for St. Aloysius Gonzaga) in Gallarate, near Milan, man put his electronic brains to work for the glory of God. The experiment began ten years ago, when a young Jesuit named Roberto Busa at Rome's Gregorian University chose an extraordinary project for his doctor's thesis in theology: sorting out the different shades of meaning of every word used by St. Thomas Aquinas. But when he found that Aquinas had written 13 million words, Busa sadly settled for an analysis of only one word—the various



Guy Rowe

LAMECH

Grandfather went off the record.

meanings assigned by St. Thomas to the preposition "in." Even this took him four years, and it irked him that the original task remained undone.

With permission from Jesuit General John B. Janssens himself, Father Busa took his problem to the U.S. and to International Business Machines. When he heard what Busa wanted, IBM Founder Thomas J. Watson threw up his hands. "Even if you had time to waste for the rest of your life, you couldn't do a job like that," he said. "You seem to be more go-ahead and American than we are!"

But in seven years IBM technicians in



Bettmann Archive

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS  
Philosophy went on the punch cards.

the U.S. and in Italy, working with Busa, devised a way to do the job. The complete works of Aquinas will be typed onto punch cards; the machines will then work through the words and produce a systematic index of every word St. Thomas used, together with the number of times it appears, where it appears, and the six words immediately preceding and following each appearance (to give the context). This will take the machines 8,125 hours; the same job would be likely to take one man a lifetime.

Next job for the scriptural brain: the Dead Sea Scrolls. In these and other ancient documents, gaps can often be filled in by examining the words immediately preceding and following the gap and determining what other words are most frequently associated with them in the rest of the text. "I am praying to God," said Father Busa last week, "for ever faster, ever more accurate machines."

### Peace with the Adventists

One of the peculiar theological conflicts among U.S. Protestants, who have done lots of internecine fighting in their day, has been between the Fundamentalists and the Seventh-day Adventists. Fundamentalism—the powerful, conservative wing of U.S. Protestantism, which is solid in the Bible Belt and has grown increasingly influential elsewhere in recent years—has long regarded the Adventists as un-Christian cultists, riddled with strange heresies and fringe fantasies that make them dangerous company for the soul. But last week one of the leading organs of Fundamentalist opinion in the U.S. reversed that position. The monthly *Eternity*, which has an influence among Fundamentalists far beyond its 40,000 circulation, told its readers: "It is definitely possible, we believe, to have fellowship with Seventh-day Adventists."

To expose Adventist anomalies, *Eternity* Editor Donald Grey Barnhouse, one of the top leaders of U.S. Fundamentalism, two years ago assigned Staff Writer Walter R. Martin to study the sect. Martin, a "research polemicist," who has already excoriated the Jehovah's Witnesses and Christian Scientists from a Fundamentalist point of view, set to work and found to his astonishment that he brought not a sword but peace.

As a result of his researches, Fundamentalists have stretched out a hand, and the Seventh-day Adventists have accepted it gladly.

"Investigative Judgment." It has taken a long time to bury the enmities. For the sect labeled Seventh-day Adventist was born in bitter disappointment and with the contemptuous laughter of Protestantism ringing in its ears.

Christ will return and the world will end some time between March 21, 1843 and March 21, 1844, said William Miller. So did many another European and American Bible scholar. They based their calculations mainly on *Daniel 8:14* ("And he said unto me, Unto two thousand and three hundred days; then shall the sanctuary be cleansed"), taking the "days" as



years and the cleansing of the sanctuary as the end of the world. William Miller, a Baptist minister of Low Hampton, N.Y., was not an educated man, but he was sincere and persuasive; when the dread year came, Millerites from Vermont to Virginia settled their affairs and waited. Scoffers made fun of them by donning white robes and climbing trees and hilltops to look for the Lord's coming, and when the appointed time had passed and the earth was still the same, they jeered.

One day after the "Great Disappointment," a Millerite named Hiram Edson of western New York was seized by a conviction that explained the whole sad mistake. What was meant by *Daniel 8:14*, he decided, was Christ's entrance into the second chamber of his sanctuary (in 1843-44) to examine the lives of all mortals living and dead, and to dispense the atonement he had paid for with his blood.



PROPHET MILLER  
No longer peculiar?

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This "investigative judgment," said Edson, was going on now; when it was completed, the great day of the Second Coming would dawn.

"Soul Sleep." William Miller never subscribed to this face-saving concept, but many onetime Millerites from many Protestant groups drew together around it.

Some brought along pet doctrines of their own, and gradually some of these grew into a new theology. The Seventh Day Baptists contributed the teaching that Christians are observing the wrong day of worship; the Jewish Sabbath (Saturday) was enjoined by the Ten Commandments and kept by Jesus himself; Sunday worship, they believed, was a 2nd or 3rd century innovation without Biblical authority. This became a cardinal tenet of the new post-Millerites, and by 1860 they were calling themselves Seventh-day (because they observe the Sabbath) Adventists (because they look for the imminent advent of Christ).

They acquired other special doctrines. Notable among them is that of "soul sleep"—the idea, held at one time or another by such Biblical authorities as Martin Luther, William Tyndale and John Wycliffe, that at death all men remain "unconscious" in the grave, only to rise for judgment on Resurrection Day. (Orthodox Protestants and Catholics today read Paul as meaning that the afterlife begins immediately at death.) Seventh-day Adventists also hold that after the Last Judgment impenitent sinners, and Satan with them, will be annihilated. But orthodox Christianity continues to interpret Christ's words, "These shall go away into everlasting punishment" (*Matthew 25:46*), to mean literally that rather than annihilation.

"Sincere Believers." Defending their sectarianism in an unfriendly world made Adventists a prickly people; preaching the imminence of the world's end made them a missionizing one. Today there are 1,006,218 baptized (by total immersion) adult Adventists throughout the world (277,162 in the U.S.), with 5,363 ordained ministers and 1,320,883 Sabbath-school members. Members contributed \$67,919,368 to their church work in 1955, an average of nearly \$200 each; they give support to 230 medical units (employing 382 physicians), and run 42 publishing houses which turn out 377 periodicals and some 75 books a year.

In the course of such burgeoning success, the prickliness has worn off. Prime evidence of this is the friendly reception Adventist leaders gave *Eternity's* Reporter Martin when he visited their headquarters at Takoma Park outside Washington, D.C. On issue after issue he found them hewing to the line of conservative Protestantism, not insisting on peculiarly Adventist traditions as necessary for all Christians. Stirred by what he heard, Evangelist Leader Barnhouse held a conference with top Adventists at his Pennsylvania farm. Wrote he: "We are delighted to do justice to a much maligned group of sincere believers, and in our minds and hearts take them out of the group of utter heretics like the Jehovah's Witnesses, Mormons and Christian Scientists, to acknowledge them as redeemed brethren and members of the Body of Christ."

The Adventists, for their part, announced that they would publish—probably next spring—a new, definitive statement of their faith. Said Roy Allan Anderson, secretary of the Seventh-day Adventist Ministerial Association: "Because of certain features of our belief which have too often been misunderstood and at times misstated by others, some well-meaning Christians have commonly classified us with the non-Christian cults . . . It is very possible that we ourselves share in the responsibility for this misunderstanding, because of our failure to state clearly what we believe on these fundamental issues and our failure to place chief emphasis where it really belongs."

\* Annual average per capita contribution for all U.S. denominations: \$48.81.

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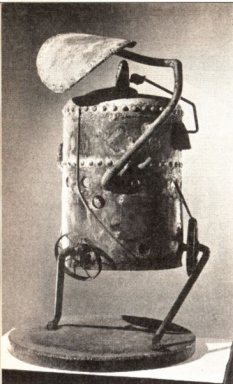
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STANKIEWICZ'S "THE WARRIOR"

## The Beauty of Junk

Any Greenwich Villager who spots a discarded sewing machine, old drainpipe, truck fender or pile of angle irons these days knows just where to take it: to the cold-water flat of Sculptor-Welder Richard Stankiewicz, 34, who with little more than an acetylene torch, a welder's tools and his own vivid imagination turns junk into sculpture. Says he: "I take material that is already degenerating, flaking and rusting and then try to make something beautiful out of it. It should hit people over the head and make them ask, 'What is beauty?'"

Sculptor Stankiewicz came by his love for junk naturally. He was raised in one of Detroit's toughest districts, used a foundry dump for his playground. During a World War II hitch in the U.S. Navy, he found himself whittling away time in the Aleutians by whittling caribou horn, decided to cash in his G.I. Bill on an art education. He studied with Hans Hofmann in Manhattan, polished off in Paris with Painter Fernand Léger and Sculptor Ossip Zadkine. Back in Manhattan he set out to shape his future by reclaiming the flotsam and jetsam of "the sea of junk around us."

In Manhattan's Hansa Gallery on Central Park South, 22 of Stankiewicz's rusty iron weldings are on display this week in a one-man show. What they lack in elegance they often make up in wit. To the surprise of Manhattan critics, they also follow the rules of good sculpture. A case in point is Stankiewicz's *The Warrior*, which is armored with a hatmaker's discarded boiler, has a butane-bottle head and a boiler-plate shield. *The Warrior*'s spindly steel rod legs, girded with bumpy wheels, and its limp crest of dangling BX cable

give it away. Says Stankiewicz: "It's most menacing from the front, but it's futile in spite of its posture."

To prospective buyers worried about the rust, Stankiewicz declares: "That's the big thing about it, the convenience. You just leave it out in the rain and it becomes even more beautiful."

## Gold-Plated Age

In his first lecture as the newly appointed Poetry Consultant to the Library of Congress, high-browed, full-bearded Poet-Critic-Novelist (*Pictures from an Institution*) Randall Jarrell, 42, last week suggested that this is not a golden, but a "gold-plated," age. "Most of our literature," Jarrell complained, "is Instant Literature, Ready-Mixed Literature... easy, familiar, instantly recognizable thoughts... already-agreed-upon, instantly acceptable attitudes." When he turned to the visual arts, there was somewhat less jaundice in his eye but just as much cheek in his tongue: "I hardly know whether to borrow my simile from the Bible, and say flourishing like the green bay tree, or to borrow it from Shakespeare, and say growing like a weed."

"We are producing paintings and reproductions of paintings, painters and reproductions of painters, teachers and museum directors and gallerygoers and patrons of the arts, in almost astronomical quantities. Most of the painters are bad or mediocre, of course... but the good ones do find shelter in numbers, are bought, employed, looked at, like the rest. Our society, it turns out, can use modern art. The president of a paint factory goes home... and stares reluctantly at two paintings by Jackson Pollock... He feels at home with them; in fact he feels as if he were back at the paint factory."

In too many forms of art, Jarrell finds, too many people are willing to swallow spoon-fed taste: "A great many people are perfectly willing to sit on a porcupine, if you first exhibit it at the Museum of Modern Art and say it is a chair. In fact there is nothing that somebody won't buy and sit in, if you tell him it's a chair; the great new art form of our age, the one that will take anything we put in it, is the chair."

As for architecture, Jarrell found it flourishing. "Even colleges have stopped rebuilding the cathedrals of Europe on their campuses; and a mansion is what it is, not because a millionaire has dreamed of the Alhambra, but because an architect has dreamed of the marriage of Frank Lloyd Wright and a silo... The public that lives in the houses our architects design... is a broadminded, tolerant, adventurous public, one that has triumphed over inherited prejudice to an astonishing degree. You can put a spherical plastic gas tower on aluminum stilts, divide it into rooms, and quite a few people will be willing to crawl along saying, 'Is this the floor? Is this the wall?,' to make a down payment and call it home."

## Painter of Dreams

"The greatest of the surrealists," is the title leading French Critic Claude Roger-Marx has bestowed posthumously on Odilon Redon, the strange, self-effacing painter of dreams and visions who so perplexed his 19th century impressionist colleagues. Although he was a contemporary of such greats as Manet, Monet, Renoir and Cézanne, Redon was out of step with his generation. He set out on his own path, investigated what lay in and behind the shadows that the sun-struck painters of his day chose to ignore.

It was the long way to success. Revival of widespread interest in Redon's work has come about only in the last decade. In the last four years prices for his pastels and oils have increased tenfold. This week in Paris, France's official Orangerie Museum is exhibiting 205 of his works, the first major Redon show in 30 years.

Few artists have come as haltingly to art as Redon. Born in Bordeaux in 1840, the son of a French émigré who had struck it rich in New Orleans, young Odilon (named for his Creole mother, Odile) spent a sickly childhood. As an escape from loneliness he turned to music, drawing and daydreams. An indifferent scholar, he later tried, and failed, at architecture and sculpture, lasted only briefly in academic painting classes, fought in the Franco-Prussian War. Not until he was 35 did he find his medium—charcoal—and then the lithographer's stone.

Redon's predilection for portraying the strange creatures of his imagination—looming one-eyed Cyclopes, curiously grinning spiders, claustrophobic images of terror half-seen in the corner of a mirror, and sad, lost fools—testify to his view that in art "everything is done through docile submission to the 'unconscious.'" Redon found a meager market for his nightmares, eked out a living illustrating books, including Edgar Allan Poe's "The Raven," and peddling his prints to dealers.

The turn of the century brought a sharp



REDON'S "LA FOLIE"

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PALACE OF FINE ARTS OF THE CITY OF PARIS



"MIMOSA, ANEMONE AND FOLIAGE IN BLUE VASE"

ODILON REDON'S "BIRTH OF VENUS"

PEOPLE OF SOUND JUDGMENT

Dr. Emil Schlittler,  
Vice Pres. and Director  
of Research CIBA  
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Inc., U.S.A.

## He helped ease the stresses of life

Ten years ago something in the roots of Rauwolfia serpentina, an Indian shrub, challenged young, Swissborn Dr. Emil Schlittler. For centuries sorcerers in the Indian backwoods had treated the sick with a potion obtained from this shrub. Dr. Schlittler was determined to isolate and identify this mysterious and elusive something in the root. As an admirer of the brilliant scholarship of the pre-Columbian era, which he pointedly names "The Awakening of the Modern Mind" Dr. Schlittler looked at the old problems through new eyes. He applied brand-new methods of analysis and, in 60 months, he led a dedicated team of chemists to victory - isolation of the alkaloid reserpine marketed by CIBA under the trade name Serpasil. It relaxes the anxious and tense, calms the disturbed and irritable.

It is one of science's best weapons to date against the curse of modern civilization - high blood pressure. From birth to old age Serpasil can add life to years, not just years to life. Dr. Schlittler credits the CIBA-Basle team for the discovery; others may choose to credit history whose precepts inspired this chemist. Not that research and history monopolize his attention. He likes grand opera. He collects phonograph records. He modestly terms himself a junior connoisseur of wines.

His color slides mark him as a seasoned traveler. It is not surprising that he does a lot of traveling, for such a man is in great demand. He likes to fly KLM. To Dr. Schlittler's way of thinking, KLM has soundly analyzed the needs of the passenger and found the formula for his comfort.



All over the world people of sound judgment fly KLM



turning point in Redon's work: he found his charcoal and lithograph dreams of terror giving way to a glowing world of pastels and oils. One of his favorite subjects became the bouquets of fresh Ile de France flowers. In one of his best (see color page), he has caught not only the fragile beauty of mimosa and anemone, but somehow echoed the haunting mystery of the "silent valley" that he loved to contemplate outside the windows of his summer studio as he painted.

Of all his later-day subjects none inspired better work than the giant seashell his wife brought as a souvenir of her birthplace, and kept on the white-marble fireplace mantel of their quiet Paris apartment. Fascinated by the shell, Redon used it as the starting point for a motif as old as antiquity. His *Birth of Venus* is a subject that has inspired artists from the time of the Greeks to Botticelli. Redon painted it as something glimpsed deep in the sea or seen fleetingly but unforgettably in a dream.

## Biggest Fellowships

The newest and handsomest fellowships in the arts and architecture field were announced last week in Chicago by the \$5,000,000 Graham Foundation for Advanced Studies in the Fine Arts. Aim of the new foundation, which draws its funds from the estate of bigtime Chicago Builder Ernest Robert Graham, who died in 1936,<sup>5</sup> is to give artists, architects and critics of already proved ability a year off to work on special projects of their own choosing.

All of the first nine winners of \$10,000 each easily met Graham's desire that recipients be up to "postgraduate work." The winners, chosen with the help of an all-star advisory committee of top architects, museum directors and Swiss Art and Architecture Historian Sigfried Giedion: Sculptor-Welders Harry Bertoia, 41, of Barto, Pa., Joseph Goto, 36, of Chicago and Keith Monroe, 39, of San Francisco; Painter Walter Kuhlman, 38, of San Francisco; Architects Frederick Kiesler, 64, of New York City and Paul Nelson, 62, an American now practicing in Paris; Painter-Film-Maker James Edward Davis, 55, of Princeton, N.J.; Chicago Photographer Harry Callahan, 44, and French Critic Jean Leymarie, 37.

Graham fellows in the arts will be free to go back to college, travel abroad, or continue working at home. Only requirement is that they attend a two-month round-table "Institute on the Arts" in Chicago. "What the artist or scholar produces in the year is unimportant," says Director William E. Hartmann, managing partner of the Skidmore, Owings & Merrill architectural branch in Chicago. "What is important—and this is our goal—is the hope that we can help each recipient further his or her individual artistic development."

<sup>5</sup> Graham's original \$2,050,000 endowment drew so little revenue during Depression years that the foundation waited 20 years to start operations.

# THE THEATER

## New Plays in Manhattan

**Speaking of Murder** (by Audrey and William Roos) will raise no goose-pimples or chill no blood, but it has some incidental virtues. It concerns an English blonde who, during a lengthy visit in Connecticut, has done in the wife of the house from a desire to marry the husband. But the husband has married a movie star instead, and the undiscouraged blonde is now ready to have a go at the second wife by suffocating her in a built-in vault in the library.

Although British Actress Brenda de Banzie plays the villainess with a properly cold, glassy and unruffled air, *Speaking of Murder* never really pays off as a scare piece. Beyond making no attempt at mystery, it offers nothing authentic in terms of shudders, nothing urgent in the way of suspense. It has the leisureliness and even the *longueurs* of a conversation piece, but in places some of the rewards. It is precisely when Actress de Banzie and a hard-drinking, hard-bargaining Estelle Winwood—who is black-mailing her—are speaking of murder that *Speaking of Murder* comes most happily to life. With her high-styled earnestness, her split-second vagueness, Actress Winwood could impose a sense of drawing-room comedy on a Laundromat, and does it all the better in a library. Though not a thriller, *Speaking of Murder*, as Broadway's only example of the type, should provide relief to those who crave a thriller until an actual thriller comes along.

**Uncle Willie** (by Julie Berns and Irving Elman) is Comedian Menasha Skulnik, long a favorite with Yiddish-speaking audiences and lately also on Broadway (*The Fifth Season*, *The Flowering Peach*). In *Uncle Willie* his extraordinary appeal does what it can to offset a miserably sleazy play. Cast as a turn-of-the-century dogooder who deals in everything from pins to cemetery lots, he marries off immigrant cousins, assumes family mortgages and is good to little children. But above all he gradually converts a feuding two-family house, half Irish and half Jewish, into a bower of sweetness and light (a Christmas tree shining in one window, Hanukkah candles in another).

The sorriest aspect of *Uncle Willie* is not that its story makes *Abie's Irish Rose* seem positively avant-garde; it is not even its stale and stupid quips, but rather its greasy benevolence. Fairly open, to be sure, Actor Skulnik shakes himself free from it: with a demonstration of how to walk so that shoes will not wear out, with a tale of how each month his landlord pays him rent, with a mere shrug or grunt or monosyllable, he can be a delight. But oftener he struggles, like a boxer, to out-point his material, or like a magician, to make it vanish; and oftentimes, he is mowed down by it. The evening is as unhappy a mixture as an omelet would be made with one new-laid and one quite elderly egg.



## How it happened

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## BUSINESS in 1956

**B**V virtually every economic measure, 1956 was the greatest year in history. Yet many Americans hardly seemed to notice the amazing performance of the mightiest economy mankind had ever known. Just as the nation was once resigned to a depression psychology, the U.S. was now in the heady grip of a prosperity psychology. The great American boom was almost a standard part of U.S. life, no more surprising than the automakers' ads plugging the "two-car family"—a status more and more Americans achieved in 1956.

Only when measured against the production and consumption of the rest of the world was the size of the boom clearly apparent. In 1956, with barely 61% of the world's population, the U.S. produced—and rapidly consumed—60% of the world's goods. The U.S. spent more on highways alone than the entire value of Norway's economy; its new homes were worth more than the entire economy of Spain, its new cars more than the combined economies of Mexico, Denmark and Australia. Surveying their bounty, Americans could say with President Thomas Coughlin of Chicago's Association of Commerce and Industry: "We've never had it so good."

With a record 65 million employed, the gross national product rose 6% to an all-

time high of \$412 billion, better by \$9 billion than most seers had forecast. Almost every American shared in the unparalleled prosperity. Unemployment was down to 2,463,000 in November, and workers were eagerly baited, cajoled and lured into jobs by ads and employment agencies from coast to coast. The shortage was not only of brawn, but also of brain. Some years ago Planemaker Boeing, for example, needed one engineer for every 15 employees. By this year the ratio was down to one engineer for every ten—and Boeing was desperately searching for more engineers.

**The Big Payoff.** Part of the cost the U.S. paid for such prosperity was rising prices. The cost of living, stable for three years, edged up 2.4% to 117.8 on the 1947-49 index. Some of the rise was due to higher food prices, which meant that the U.S. farmer, who often complains that he has been the forgotten man of the boom, was finally coming out of his slump. Thanks to increased consumption and an \$8.5 billion Government investment in price-support and soil-bank aid, farm income showed a 4% rise, the first upswing in four years. Yet few consumers felt a real pinch. Workers' paychecks jumped 4% for the year, twice the increase in their living expenses. Everywhere, Americans had more money to spend (\$325 billion)

and spent more of it (\$265 billion) than ever before on a shopping list that included 6,700,000 TV sets, 12,500,000 radios, 4,500,000 washing machines, 1,640,000 home dryers. Though sales of durable goods slipped some 5%, consumers bought so much more in soft goods (food, clothes, etc.) that overall retail sales jumped 2% for the year, including 1,102,000,000 tranquilizing pills (six pills for every man, woman and child in the U.S.) for those who worried about paying their bills.

The surprising fact was that having bought as never before, U.S. consumers still had money left over to pay off some of the huge installment debt that they ran up in 1955. Though total consumer credit rose some \$3 billion to a new high of \$41 billion, the increase was only half last year's \$6 billion increase. And in October, for the first time in two years, auto repayments passed new auto loans. Said San Francisco Retailers Credit Association Manager Frank Caldwell: "The average consumer is a smart person; he is not obligating himself too heavily."

**Critics Silenced.** Yet the biggest news of 1956 was not the consumer's spending; it was the splurge of the U.S. businessman. After pouring a record \$28 billion into plant expansion in 1955, business boosted the kitty another 25% in 1956, wound up spending \$35 billion for new

plants and facilities plus another \$9 billion to new office buildings, furnishings, etc. In so doing, U.S. industry passed a major milestone. For the first time since the big arms buildup of Korea, peacetime capital outlays passed military spending, despite an arms budget of \$36 billion in 1956. It was a final answer to foreign critics such as Australian Economist Colin Clark, who had called the U.S. boom a depression-prone economy, propped up only by armament spending.

Every businessman could tick off the chief reason for expansion—a population that was growing at the rate of 11,000 births every 24 hours, 1,000,000 new families formed every year, an expected population of 190 million by 1965. Most important, while the population grew 25% since 1939, consumer spending has almost tripled. The average household spent \$2,000 annually in 1939. In 1956 it spent \$5,500, and it will increase the total to \$6,500 by 1965. Thus, in Florida, Florida Power & Light Co. laid down what it thought was a grandiose expansion program of \$332 million in 1952. Says Chairman McGregor Smith: "A couple of years ago we raised it to \$410 million. Last year we raised it again to \$435 million. Now we have set a new figure at \$496 million. And that's just the beginning."

Never in peacetime had business worked so hard, yet fallen so far behind demand for many of industry's products. Detroit's

automakers alone poured \$1.7 billion into expansion in 1956, but at year's end were embarrassed by a shortage of 1957 models. Railroads shelled out \$1.3 billion for expansion, and were plagued by one of the greatest freight-car shortages in history. Utilities and mining expanded by \$6 billion, and were still beset by complaining customers.

The most severe shortage of all was in steel, caused by the longest steel strike since 1952 (10 million tons lost) and record spending (\$44 billion) for new buildings. Everywhere, from Manhattan's jagged skyline to San Francisco's rolling hills, the steel skeletons of new skyscrapers were etched against the sky. And at year's end the industry was faced with new demands from the feast-and-famine shipbuilding industry, which has enjoyed its biggest year since the Korean war, with 1,567,661 tons of new shipping on order or on the ways. The Suez crisis, plus the trend to the 30,000-ton-and-up super tankers, flooded U.S. yards with orders—even if no one was sure when the steel would arrive. In 1956 steelmen spent \$1.2 billion to expand. At year's end they planned to spend \$2 billion more if the Government would allow them fast tax write-offs on the new plants.

**Big-City Dreams.** Across the land the prosperous face of the U.S. took on a new look as businessmen marched into rural areas where industry had never set foot before, transforming crossroads towns into fast-growing cities. For years the sleepy little town of Twinsburg (pop. 1,250), Ohio, huddled on a road between Akron and Cleveland, was nothing more than a village square, a bank, a cluster of stores. This year Chrysler Corp. moved in with an \$85 million body plant and jobs for 3,500. Now Twinsburg has big-city dreams. The town fathers are planning a \$600,000 high school and a big shopping center, are putting up a 1,000-unit housing project, a sewage plant, and the state is building a four-lane highway from factory to town.

To finance the enormous expansion, business has had to make some sacrifices. Profits slipped to \$41 billion before taxes v. \$42.7 billion in 1955 as 40% of all net earnings was set aside, largely for new plants and machines. Says Republic Steel Vice President Norman W. Foy: "Our policy is hard on stockholders, but there is no alternative." Though dividends were up slightly to \$12 billion v. \$11.2 billion in 1955, they were still only 60% of profits compared to the 75% that corporations consider the normal pay-out to stockholders. As one result, Wall Street's bull market did not reflect the boom. It climbed to a high of \$21.05 on the Dow-Jones industrial average in April, then slipped back 50 points, and at year's end was just about where it started.

Profits were also nipped by the squeeze between rising wages and a slower rise in productivity. The nation's output per man-hour has risen an average of 3% every year since World War II; in 1956 it increased only an estimated 1.7%. One trouble was strikes, which cost the U.S. 37 million man-days, the most since 1952.

United Press



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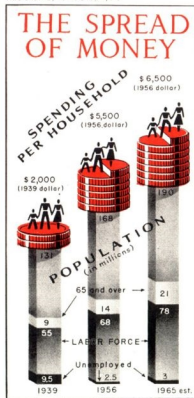
But mainly, the U.S. economy was simply outgrowing its labor force. Despite 900,000 new additions in 1956, industry was scraping the bottom of the labor barrel, was often forced to employ marginal—and yet highly paid—workers. In the long run, businessmen are sure they can solve the problems. They know that productivity rises unevenly, that money spent to increase efficiency takes time to show up in the statistics. Thus, they expect the huge spending in 1956 to give productivity a big boost in future years.

**The Blessings of Automation.** "You've got to keep getting costs down to stay alive," says Bell & Howell President Charles H. Percy. "For example, our lowest-priced camera was \$49.95 back before the war. Workers on the assembly line were paid 40¢ an hour—I know because I was one of them. At the end of the war, we priced out the same camera with assembly-line labor at \$2 an hour, and the price came close to \$100." What Bell & Howell did was develop a better camera, increase its production-line efficiency 400% by putting in more machines, and sell the camera for \$39.95, some 20% less than the prewar price.

All year long, the new technology of automation raced ahead. With servo-mechanisms and electronic pushbutton controls, Jones & Laughlin Steel made seven tons of tin-plate steel in barely three minutes v. eight hours a few years ago. Automation, plus other new machines requiring little labor, which had been viewed by unionists as a bogey in 1955, also began to show labor more of its blessings in 1956. Says Board Chairman J. W. Corey of Cleveland's fast-growing Reliance Electric & Engineering Co.: "The new machines require smarter, better-trained people. Some of our people working at lathes and milling machines are earning \$1,000 a month."

But businessmen realized that automation for automation's sake alone was not a cure-all for rising costs. The new machines were not only costly to operate; they were expensive to buy; e.g., General

True Chart by R. M. Chapin, Jr.



**FAMILY SPENDING** has doubled since 1939, is expected to triple in size by 1965 as both population and U.S. national income rise steadily to new high records.

Electric's automated electric-motor production line at Schenectady, N.Y., cost \$7,000,000 to build. But in the highly competitive economy, no one dared fall behind. Warned G.E.'s President Ralph J. Cordiner: "Such investments are a risk—a major risk. But failure to make the investment may be an even greater risk. The race to keep up with market growth, technological advance and competition has sharply increased the costs of accelerated obsolescence."

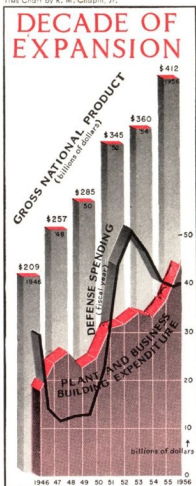
Once plants wore out gradually, and new products were slow in coming. But in 1956's expanding economy, where research kept finding new products and new markets, years were cut off a plant's productive life span. U.S. business and Government poured some \$5 billion into research in 1956, spent one-third of all capital expenditures to make the new products that science uncovered. "A few years hence," says Agriculture Department Economist Nathan Kofsky, "about one-tenth of manufacturing companies' sales will be from products that were not made last year."

**How Big Is Too Big?** Expansion not only accelerated obsolescence; it also accelerated industry's trend to bigness. The big companies were the ones who could best afford the billions for research and new and more efficient machines. Even some big businesses suddenly discovered that they were not really big enough to compete successfully with the biggest. Both American Motors, with \$260 million in assets, and Studebaker-Packard, with \$158 million, ended up with heavy losses as General Motors, Ford and Chrysler captured 96% of the auto market.

What was happening in autos was happening in other industries. Appliance makers worried about the day when the industry will be dominated by six or eight big companies. "Even in the relatively young TV industry," says Motorola President Robert Galvin, "there will be fewer companies, but they will be healthier." Trying to compete with giants, big and little alike merged and diversified, becoming giants themselves.

To Government lawyers, the mushrooming growth of bigness in 1956 raised a prime question: How big is too big? Trying to solve the riddle, the Justice Department's Antitrust Division filed suit against 54 mergers, more than in any year since 1949. The problem was how to let big business expand to meet the needs of the growing economy without destroying the climate for new and small businesses on which the future health of the nation depends. Though new business starts were 14% higher than 1955, business failures increased even more—to 17%. At year's end a major test case filed by the trust-busters to block the merger of Bethlehem Steel (No. 2 steelmaker) and Youngstown Sheet & Tube (No. 6) gave businessmen hope that the courts would lay down a new philosophy to guide the growth of the giants as well as protect the midgets.

**Johnny Appleseed.** The argument over bigness was only a whisper compared to the uproar over tight money. Even if we understand all the complexities of the



**BUSINESS OUTLAYS** for new buildings and facilities are surpassing defense spending as the major force behind the U.S. economy for the first time since 1951.

Federal Reserve Board actions to curtail credit buying, everyone in some way felt the effects. Business borrowing costs soared as high as 6% as FRB's discount rate on loans to member banks was raised to 3%, the highest point since the 1930s. Home mortgage rates jumped from 4½% to a peak 6% in some areas. As housing starts slipped to 1,100,000 in 1956, down 200,000 in a year, builders loudly blamed the money pinch. But there were dissenting voices. They argued that another reason for the slide was that the industry had failed to meet the increasing demand for better houses, that the day of the roof-at-any-price was gone, and that in the future the builder would have to entice buyers with better models just as auto and appliance makers do.

Despite a slowdown in housing and a few durable-goods industries, notably autos, the Federal Reserve all year long made a determined attempt to hold down spending. Stumping the nation with the fervor of a Johnny Appleseed, FRB Chairman William Martin pleaded with businessmen to take another hard look, and perhaps cut down on expansion and

their demands for credit. "Creating more money will not create more goods," he argued. "It can only intensify demands for the current supply of labor and materials. That is outright inflation."

Martin's lectures on self-discipline sounded strange to businessmen, who for years had heard little except expansion talk from Washington. But as the year progressed, those who disliked Martin in May, when he boosted discount rates in the face of slipping business in housing and autos, loved him in December, when the new pressures under the boom started pushing prices higher all along the line. Though tight money hurt some businessmen, almost all backed Martin. They were well aware that one big reason the boom had stayed healthy so long was because of FRB's careful control of money, plus the willingness of business to go along with the Martin policy and to exercise its own self-discipline. Most businessmen have cautiously kept their inventories in line with sales, their efficiency improving and a weather eye out for storm signals.

**Plateau in Michigan.** Listening to the nation's strong, steady heartbeat, many businessmen and economists bravely stated that the U.S. has reached a new economic plateau, can eliminate the boom-and-bust cycle by the wise use of credit and the help of such built-in safeguards as social security, unemployment benefits and the "guaranteed annual wage." In 1956 Michigan gave a heartening example of how these recession cushions work. When Detroit's automakers skimped on their model changes, brought out only face-lifted 1956 cars after 1955's record year, sales plummeted 20% to 5,000,000 cars. As companies slashed production, unemployment in Michigan skyrocketed to 250,000 workers, one out of every ten. And yet retail buying did not fall off. Searching for a reason, economists noted the auto industry's high pay levels (average weekly pay: \$108.04), which permitted savings for just such a rainy day, and state unemployment compensation and the auto industry's guaranteed annual wage, which together made up a big chunk of the worker's full-time pay. They could have added a fourth reason: a firm belief by Michiganders in the basic good health of the economy, and the temporary nature of the layoffs. This persuaded workers to go on buying, and retailers to extend credit. As a result, many Michigan retailers sold as much as—or more than—they did in 1955.

**1957 & Beyond.** For 1957 the question is: How high will the boom climb? At year's end the forecasters were unanimous and optimistic for 1957. Their predictions: given peace abroad, 1957 should be the best year ever, with no letup, at least through 1957's first half, though there may be a leveling-off period in the final half year. Gross national product should reach a new peak of \$430 billion, some \$20 billion more than 1956, though half the growth may be in the form of price rises. Production will clip along close to 146 on the 1947-49 index (up 3 points over 1956), personal income will rise to \$350 billion (up \$25 billion), disposable



income to \$300 billion (up \$15 billion), all new records.

As in 1956, one of the problems is how far and how fast industry should expand. After 1956's staggering pace, many economists expect some slowdown, but it will be only a relative decrease in the rate of growth. The forecast is for a huge \$39 billion addition to industry's plant and facilities, some \$4 billion more than 1956's all-time peak. Everywhere, from New England, where little Northeast Airlines will spend \$17 million for new turboprop transports, to Northern California, where Container Corp. of America, Lockheed and Douglas Aircraft, General Electric and Bethlehem Steel's West Coast subsidiary will spend millions more for new plants, business will keep on expanding.

With unemployment already low and expected to remain low, with credit already tight and expected to get tighter, with prices already high and expected to rise another 4%, the big danger for 1957, like 1956, will be inflation. At year's end steelmen kicked off another round of price increases by hiking prices on many items for the second time in six months. As for Government spending, though the Administration hopes to balance its budget again next year and turn in a surplus of \$1.5 billion, the outlays in most major areas will increase. The budget will rise some \$2 billion to \$72.5 billion, with much of the jump coming from a \$40 billion outlay for defense. Enormous federal, state and municipal public-works programs, many of them for schools and roads, will put even more pressure on shortages of

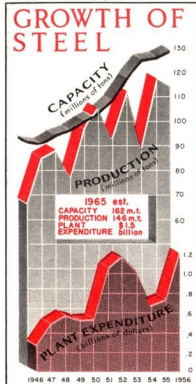
money, manpower and materials. Thus there is little chance—or reason—for tax cuts in 1957, and little hope that the Federal Reserve will loosen credit, at least until business expansion lets up and the scramble for lendable funds eases off.

**The Big Ifs.** Studying the credit and manpower problems, some experts cite some big ifs to temper their long-range optimism with short-range caution that the boom is not foolproof. They see trouble 1) if businessmen get careless and overbuild their inventories, or hike prices too high too fast; or 2) if labor's demands for wage boosts outrun the economy's ability to pay. If the U.S. can get past those ifs and is not blinded by its prosperity psychology, even the chronic pessimists see a Technicolor future. Onetime C.I.O. Economist Robert R. Nathan, who after World War II predicted a depression with 8,000,000 jobless, found at year's end that "the age of automation holds promise of an unprecedented increase in output per man-hour. Certainly, with appropriate policies, our gross national product can increase \$15 to \$20 billion a year during the balance of this decade, and probably more thereafter."

In 1952 the National Planning Association published a study forecasting the U.S. economy in 1960, decided that the gross national product might hit a rate of \$425 billion by then. The goal will probably be reached during the first quarter of 1957. As a result, businessmen are raising their expansion sights.

Republic Steel is projecting markets as far ahead as 1965. By then, it expects auto

Time Chart by R. M. Chaplin, Jr.



**METAL SHORTAGE,** heightened by the periodic strikes which lowered production, pushed steel expansion to new records, but future economy will need still more steel.

**AUTO SPEEDUP:** PLYMOUTH ASSEMBLY LINE, OPERATING AT TOP SPEED AT YEAR'S END, IS STILL BEHIND ORDERS



## MILESTONES

production to hit 10 million cars annually. Steel consumption will rise 36% in the appliance industry, another 34% in the office and household furniture, hospital equipment and toy industries. To meet the new demand, steelmen plan a 25% increase in their capacity by 1965, another 25% by 1975. Others are just as optimistic. Planemakers, who have the biggest backlog (\$3.5 billion) of civilian plane orders in their history, feel that they are just getting started. "Of course I'm bullish," says Boeing President William McPherson Allen, moving his finger along an upward-slanted line on a chart. "The volume of airline traffic is bound to go up like this each year, between 10% and 15%. The jet will tend to accelerate it by shrinking the world by 40%."

Like Allen, thoughtful businessmen in industry after industry, from farm machines to appliances, see few limits to the products they can sell. "A million new families are being formed every year," says an Admiral Corp. official, "and normal replacement on top of that gives us our market." The same 1,000,000 families, plus the fact that 300,000 houses are torn down and must be replaced each year, should give housebuilders a continuing market of 1,300,000 new houses annually a few years from now.

In the burgeoning U.S. economy of the future, products that now seem adequate will become rapidly obsolete. Once a road was considered acceptable as long as it went somewhere. Now the nation's vast highway network is rapidly becoming as obsolete as the model T. The \$33.5 billion, 13-year Government highway program will start bringing it up to date in 1957. And states everywhere are adding billions more for new turnpikes, secondary roads, and enormous elevated crossovers such as Pittsburgh's five-level parkway interchange designed to eliminate traffic and bottlenecks and speed travel. In California, for example, the state highway commission has been gouging away at the Santa Monica Mountains near Los Ange-

les. In places, it is cutting to a depth of 350 ft., and will remove 15 million cubic yards of earth—5,000,000 truckloads—to lay a gently graded four-lane highway 5½ miles through the mountains to Los Angeles. All to cut 1¼ miles off the old route across the mountains, and thus, in 1957, save 3½ minutes in the driving time it takes workers to get to their jobs.

**The World & the Dream.** Beyond America's growing population, there is the entire world, much of it underdeveloped, opening up new markets for U.S. products, new supplies of raw materials for U.S. factories, new opportunities for U.S. capital. In 1956 exports jumped \$2.5 billion to a new record of \$17 billion. Imports climbed to \$13 billion—another record. Moving abroad in increasing numbers, businessmen have just begun to tap new foreign markets. What can be accomplished was shown by Firestone Tire & Rubber Co. After 30 years of growing rubber in Liberia, Firestone has an annual payroll of 25,000 workers on its plantations, is the largest trainer of productive skills in the country. It accounts for 39% of the Liberian government's total revenues, more than 70% of the value of its exports, 35% of its dutiable imports. In the process, Firestone has raised the Liberian standard of living and stimulated productive efficiency, research and development—all at a profit to itself. At year's end Firestone reported profits of \$60 million, an increase of 10% over last year's and the greatest in the history of the rubber industry.

The vision of increasing plenty that Firestone and other American companies were exporting to the world was a reflection of the American dream that was passionately held at home. It was nothing less than the elimination of poverty as a fact of human life. In the U.S. of 1956, the breadth of the land, the untapped richness of its resources, the growth of its population, the optimism of its people, all suggested that American capitalism was rapidly approaching that age-old goal.

**Born.** To Carroll Baker, 22, star of *Baby Doll* (TIME, Dec. 24), and Jack Garfein, 26, theatrical director: a daughter, their first child; in Manhattan. Name: Blanche. Weight: 8 lb. 4 oz.

**Born.** To Dean Martin, 39 (born Dino Crocetti), limp-toned songbird and ex-straightrman for Cinemaron Jerry Lewis, and Jeanne Bieggier Martin, 30, onetime Miami model, his second wife: a daughter, their third child (his seventh). Name: Gina. Weight: 6 lb. 10 oz.

**Died.** Charles Henry Campbell, 52, witty, walrus-mustached, New Orleans-raised Briton, longtime (1923-42) staffer of the New Orleans *Item* and *Morning Tribune*, Britain's head pressagent in Washington since 1942; of a stomach hemorrhage; in Knoxville, Tenn.

**Died.** Judith Lyndon Welch, 67, onetime Chautauqua lecturer on Negro folklore and wife for 39 years of Joseph Nye Welch, quizzical, quick-thinking Boston attorney who tilted effectively with Senator Joseph R. McCarthy in the televised Army-McCarthy hearings; after long illness; in Boston.

**Died.** Whitford Kane, 75, genial, jowly, Irish-born Shakespearean actor, who acted *Hamlet's* whimsical first gravedigger in 23 productions, held bury more 40 Ophelias; of cancer; in Manhattan.

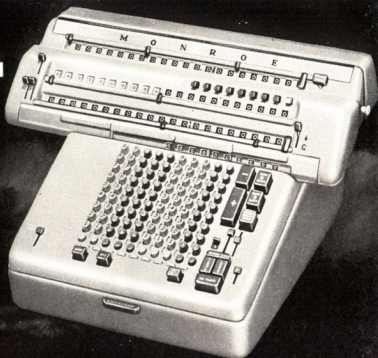
**Died.** Dr. Frank Aydelotte, 76, longtime (1921-40) president of Swarthmore College, director (1930-47) of the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton, N.J., and American secretary (1918-53) of the Rhodes scholarship program for Oxford University; after a cerebral thrombosis; in Princeton. Himself a Rhodes scholar ('05) from Indiana University, Frank Aydelotte forfeited part of his stipend by marrying (Cecil Rhodes stipulated that his scholars must be single), but completed his studies at Oxford, later revised and stiffened selection of the U.S.'s Rhodes scholars, while at Swarthmore instituted a system of independent studies for top students based on Oxford's plan.

**Died.** Dr. Lewis Madison Terman, 79, longtime Stanford University psychologist, who developed the widely used Stanford-Binet IQ test in 1916, followed up his work with a 30-year study of 1,400 California schoolchildren with IQs past the threshold of genius (140-plus); of a cerebral hemorrhage; in Palo Alto, Calif. Tester Terman's findings: his bright children grew up healthier, slightly wealthier and better employed than the average child, but the group contained "no mathematician of truly first rank, no university president . . . gives no promise of contributing any Aristotles, Newtons, Tolstays . . . In achieving eminence, much depends on chance."

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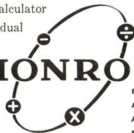


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## THE PRESS

### Simonizing McCall

To Manhattan journalists, jittery over the folding of *Collier's* and *Woman's Home Companion* (see below), the news at first seemed a possible cause for concern. McCall Corp., publishers of *McCall's* and *Redbook*, announced a 50% cut in its quarterly dividends from 30¢ to 15¢. Though McCall's revenue was up \$6,000,000 in the first nine months (to \$46,116,539), earnings were down 16% to \$758,276. McCall said it was saving cash "to finance future growth." What the company did not say was that the dividend cut was the work of a strong new hand that is guiding McCall.

The hand is that of West Coast Industrialist Norton Simon, 49, who controls Hunt Foods and Ohio Match Co., has major interests in a nationwide string of enterprises ranging from insurance to railroads. Multimillionaire Simon created his empire by buying undervalued companies and building them up. Convinced in 1953 that magazine publishing was being underated as a result of TV competition, he bought stock in Curtis, McGraw-Hill, Condé Nast and McCall, decided to concentrate on McCall. Simon now controls 35% of the stock, enough to have eight men of his choice put on the 16-man board three months ago. Although Simon insists he does not have corporate control, this stock gives him what he calls "a substantial interest and influence." Convinced that McCall needed to cut its dividends and use cash to expand, Simon easily persuaded the board to agree.

Simon, who hates publicity, has supervised McCall's changes from behind the scenes. Shortly after he bought into the company, he used his influence to get \$7,500,000 in long-term loans to finance McCall's growth.

The new policy has begun to pay off in growth if not yet in increased profits. Sales in McCall's pattern division rose 15% in 1956. *McCall's* circulation increased 242,000 to 4,756,839, along with a 5% rise in ads. *Redbook*, which earlier switched its appeal from fiction to articles for young homemakers, boosted its circulation 114,000 to 2,286,500 in 1956, picked up another 11% on ads.

### The Last Showdown

On the Toronto *Star*, Canada's biggest, lushest and most profitable daily, the highest accolade a newsmen could receive was a penciled "OK—H.C.H." on his copy. The initials were those of President Harry Comfort Hindmarsh, 69, long known as Canada's toughest newspaper boss. Many Canadian newsmen even insisted that a reporter who had not been hired and fired by Harry Hindmarsh was still a cub.

Missouri-born Editor Hindmarsh started out as a reporter for the *Star* in 1912, was named city editor one year later. In 1933 Hindmarsh (who married Publisher Joseph Atkinson's daughter in 1915) became vice president in charge of the editorial depart-



Star Newspaper Service

EDITOR HINDMARSH

The new story was four years old.

ments, fully earned his job with his driving energy, his legendary zeal for pumping money and manpower into a good story, his ruthless discipline of staffers who failed to meet his exacting standards. Ernest Hemingway, Pierre van Paassen and many other famed authors worked as young reporters on his ever-changing staff in the years when Hindmarsh was turning the struggling *Star* and *Star Weekly* into Canada's most valuable single newspaper property (circulation: 408,545), with Toronto real-estate alone worth \$7,000,000.

When Publisher Atkinson died in 1948, he left the paper to a charitable foundation that he had set up to avoid paying crippling inheritance taxes. To comply with an Ontario law that sets a seven-year limit on ownership of businesses by philanthropic groups, the paper technically should have been put up for sale last April. But when Canadian Beer Tycoon E. P. Taylor offered \$25 million for the *Star*, three of the five directors vetoed the sale out of respect for Atkinson's oft-stated hope that the *Star* would remain in his family's or employees' hands. In May, when U.S. Newspaper Broker Nelson Levings, representing a U.S.-Canadian syndicate, offered the directors \$22.5 million, he was told: "The paper is not for sale at this time."

But *Star* President Hindmarsh had little time for sentiment (he was famed for mass firings on Christmas Eve), was determined to sell the *Star* to the highest bidder. Early last week Hindmarsh went to the *Star* office ready to force a showdown with the foundation directors. Two directors who had doggedly held out against a sale were longtime *Star* employees; Hindmarsh gruffly demanded and got their resignation, replaced them with two more tractable executives. Director Joseph Atkinson Jr., the late publisher's son, and

Hindmarsh's wife, the fifth director, voted with him, and within 48 hours the competing evening *Telegram* broke the first story that the *Star* was on the block.

But the effort to chart the *Star's* course was more of a strain than even tough Harry Hindmarsh realized. The same day he suffered a heart attack, died within three hours. The *Star*, which at Hindmarsh's insistence ran no story on the impending sale, carried instead the obituary that ailing Editor Hindmarsh, with characteristic efficiency, had ordered written in 1952.

### Crowell-Collier Crackdown

As their final issues reached the newsstands last week, *Collier's* and the *Woman's Home Companion* folded with a bang that echoed clear to Washington. The Securities and Exchange Commission announced that it was investigating the financial operations of the Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., ordered one of its rare public inquiries to determine whether the company had made "false and misleading reports" in connection with \$4,600,000 worth of debentures it had issued in 1955 and 1956. The investigation also covers the activities of the Manhattan brokerage house of Elliott & Co., which handled the securities sale, and the group of 15 New York and Chicago investors, headed by financier J. Patrick Lannan, who had bought the debentures (TIME, Dec. 24).

Though Crowell-Collier claimed the sale was a private transaction, SEC charged that it was in effect a public sale, and that the company had thus violated the law by failing to register the securities offering or make full disclosure of company records. However, Wall Streeters suspected that the SEC was less interested in this aspect of the case than in the sudden spurt in Crowell-Collier stock early this year on optimistic estimates of company earnings prospects. By last August more than \$500,000 worth of debentures had been quietly converted into shares of common stock, said SEC; shares were then sold at a profit to "numerous" other investors. Financier Lannan replied that Crowell-Collier's new board of directors, which decided to fold the magazines last fortnight, included none of the investors who had converted debentures. Said Lannan: "The company's 100% clean."

Meanwhile, a committee representing 650 fired staffers still lacked assurance that the company would give them severance pay, though President-Editor Paul Smith conceded that Crowell-Collier had a "moral obligation" to make some kind of settlement. Readers of the magazine also were frustrated when they discovered that both magazines had suspended in the middle of serialized novels. At the end of the second installment of *Collier's* "Doom Cliffs" by Luke Short, the hero had been left "drowning in an ocean of pain." But in Aspen, Colo., Author Short (real name: Fred Glidden) told telephoners what they might have guessed anyway: the hero recovers, kills off the bad guys and confides to the pretty hired girl that he will hang up his guns for good.



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# BOOKS

## New Fiction

**TOWER IN THE WEST**, by Frank Norris (362 pp.; Harper: \$3.95), proves once again that imitating J. P. Marquand is tricky business. The danger: instead of capturing the hypnotic quality of Marquand's even-tempered prose, the writer may find he has only reproduced Marquand's low emotional pulsebeat. In this 1957 Harper Prize Novel, Author Frank Norris<sup>®</sup> does not quite get out of this Marquandary. His hero, George Hanes, is cut to the Marquand measure; he is an



Ben Harris

NOVELIST NORRIS  
Caught in a Marquandary.

Ivy Leaguer (Princeton '01), a professional man (architect), unhappily married, and an ineffectual struggler against the leg irons of convention. But he is also a man of such insufferable nobility as to invite repeated kicks in the pants.

George gets them. His trials begin with the sudden death of his talented older brother Jeff, who had designed and built the Tower in the West, one of the first skyscrapers in St. Louis. Six months after the fatal accident, George learns that his brother's widow is pregnant by another man. To protect Jeff's good name, he marries her and breaks the heart of true-blue Margaret Carton, who has been patiently waiting for his proposal. George now proceeds to mishandle the affairs of his stepchildren, loses control of his brother's monumental Tower in the West, is chivied out of a lucrative partnership, and is rejected as "too unsavory" for a professorship at Princeton.

<sup>®</sup> Member of TIME Inc.'s editorial staff from 1929 to 1948; no kin to turn-of-the-century Novelist Frank (short for Benjamin Franklin) Norris (*The Octopus*, *The Pit*), or his sister-in-law, Kathleen Norris, dean of women's magazine novelists.

Somehow, it all results in a happy ending, and on the way there, the reader passes a raffish gallery of secondary characters: the Ivy League gangster, Junie Neidlinger; the Boy Scout Congressman, John Kaffey; the carnival hustler, Chick Samstag (who was so cynical that "the failure of tomorrow's sunrise would not have astonished him"). But Author Norris writes with more love of buildings than of people. Rhapsodies to the 20-story "thing of beauty" created by Jeff Hanes run murmuringly through the book, and the Tower, though defaced by the years and its occupants, never becomes as caitiff or craven as the people who live from its earnings. Sometimes the book's human characters seem as lifeless as statuary against the soaring and vital affirmations built from steel and concrete.

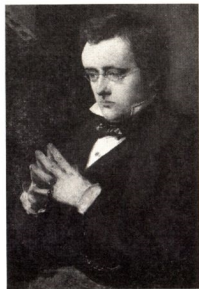
**COUNT ROLLER SKATES**, by Thomas Sancton (383 pp.; Doubleday: \$3.95), whizzes its screwball hero right through the mentally sound barrier. "Count Casimir Poliatofsky" poses as a Polish nobleman and simultaneously claims to be descended from the Maya gods and the lost tribes of Israel, but he is actually half-Mexican. He once flopped as the star of a roller-skating show in Italy. Now he is a skilled grease monkey in a ship's engine room, and this uneven, offbeat first novel begins when one of the count's shipmates takes him home for dinner on a shore leave in New Orleans in the early 1900s. The shipmate's sister Hilda, an ash-blond icicle, melts visibly before the zany hot-head. Casimir soon spills his top secret: he is a "Divinely Separated person" who has found a "Unifying Purpose" that will give the human race a healthy substitute for war. "That Unifying Purpose," he says, "has got to have a ritual, a symbolism, an exercise, some world-wide activity that is simple and joyful and harmless. And in a lifetime of searching, I have yet to find an activity that surpasses roller-skating!"

His courtship of Hilda is punctuated by Casimir's sky-scanning Delphic queries: "Are the Life-Gods and the Fate-Gods willing?" Hilda is willing, and there is scarcely a dull moment spent with the count as he 1) sees his first roller-skating show wrecked by a storm, 2) witnesses a local bigwig being shot to death by a bordello madam, 3) two-times Hilda with a carnival doxy billed as "Phazma the Phlame Girl," 4) has his second roller-skating show filched by a double-crossing partner, 5) goes back to the sea with visions of greater roller rinks. Obviously, Author Sancton, 41, a New Orleans newspaper man and onetime managing editor of the *New Republic*, intended these assorted ribbons of plot to package some large symbolic meaning. He is much better when he avoids his fuzzy cosmic fumbling and sticks to camera-eye reporting on jazz joints, brothels and the irrecoverable sights and sounds of New Orleans before World War I.

## Weird Wilkie

**THE LIFE OF WILKIE COLLINS** (360 pp.)  
Nuel Pharr Davis—University of Illinois  
(\$5.75).

It was a bright, moonlit night, and so, after entertaining Painter John Millais and his son at dinner, Wilkie Collins decided to see them home. Strolling together along the semirural roads of northern London, the three friends were halted suddenly by a piercing scream, and from out the gate of a villa dashed a young woman "dressed in flowing white robes that shone in the moonlight." Painter Millais exclaimed: "What a beautiful woman!",



National Portrait Gallery, London  
NOVELIST COLLINS  
Bitten by a green woman.

while Novelist Collins disappeared into the night crying: "I must see who she is and what's the matter."

So successful was Collins' pursuit that "the woman in white," Caroline Graves, was his mistress throughout his life. Nobody knows if the story she told him—that she was fleeing from a brutal hypnotist who kept her imprisoned in his villa—is true or not, but many still know the great piece of fiction that Wilkie Collins made of it. *The Woman in White* ran in 1859-60 as a serial in Charles Dickens' magazine, *All the Year Round*, and though it followed Dickens' own *Tale of Two Cities*, it boosted circulation above even the Dickens level. Serialized in the U.S. by *Harper's Magazine* at the same time, it was still in print under the Harper label 70 years later.

Wilkie Collins is recognized today as one of the most influential and readable of Victorian novelists. In an age when the three-volume serialized novel offered mostly narrative sprawl and chaos, Collins fashioned plot lines of watchwork precision for 36 separate books, including his masterpieces, *The Moonstone* and *The Woman in White*. Like his U.S. literary

look-alike, Edgar Allan Poe. Collins used words as black magic to conjure up horror, doom and desolation. Some of this was sheer melodramatics, but in part it foreshadowed the revolt of the natural man against an age of prudery. Compared to his friend Dickens, the English writing colossus of the century, Collins was a minor Victorian, but in the sense that Marlowe is a minor Elizabethan alongside Shakespeare, he was the best of the second-best, and his growing status as "must" reading for highbrow novelists has been signaled by a T. S. Eliot essay. This biography by Nuel Pharr Davis, a University of Illinois English instructor, is intellectually skimpy, but as a personal history of Collins it is thorough, which may be just as well: Collins' life was no less intriguing than his books.

**Eccentric Human Nature.** He was the son of a stuffy, snobbish Royal Academician named William Collins, whose only aim in life was to climb to the top of the ladder, kicking off old friends at every rung. Wilkie rebelled violently against his father's way of life—particularly because the elder Collins always deemed his social climbing to be a form of Christian uplift. Consequently, Wilkie developed a lifelong aversion to religion, preferred low society to high, and liked to dress for dinner in camel-hair coats and pink shirts. He was shortsighted and short of stature, with tiny hands and feet. "Ordinary men," reports Biographer Davis, "could pick him up and carry him about like a child."

Wilkie Collins started as a painter, and out of deference to his father, the Royal Academy accepted one of his landscapes, but hung it so near the ceiling that only titans could glimpse it. After that he turned to fiction, and soon his peering, probing eyes began to follow their natural bent for research into the dark and dingy corners of life. He spent hours riding around in omnibuses making notes on the "eccentricities of human nature" and absently eavesdropping. From Paris he brought volumes of reports of famous police work, diligently studied all the available details of crime and punishment.

**Discreet Vice.** In 1851 Collins met Dickens. At 39, with *David Copperfield* behind him, the great writer was undergoing a change. His prodigious vitality was waning slightly. Dissatisfied with his wife, cramped by his role of eminent Victorian, Dickens was "quite anxious to be led astray," and Wilkie Collins was just the man for the job. Dickens knew poverty and misery, but it was Collins who introduced him to "disreputable places" where a man could "dabble in vice discreetly and inexpensively." In Dickens, Collins found a literary teacher of unrivaled genius; from Collins, Dickens drew the darker, more somber tones of *A Tale of Two Cities* and *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*. "[He] had very high spirits and was a splendid companion," Dickens' daughter Kate said of Collins, "but he was as bad as he could be."

With Dickens as his constant pace-maker (he even challenged poor Wilkie to a mustache-growing contest), Wilkie



ALLEN & DUMMY (CIRCA 1915)  
Nostalgic echoes from the alley.

Collins became immensely successful. He poured all his cheap South African sherry down the drain, stocked up with choice wines and cigars, hired French cooks and established one of the most convivial households in London. Caroline was his "housekeeper" and her daughter (of unknown paternity) his budding secretary.

**Tidy Grave.** Wilkie Collins' life wonderfully shows up the false front of Victorian respectability. Constant overwork brought him gout and rheumatism, which he fended off with huge doses of laudanum. Inevitably, laudanum drove Collins farther and farther into weirdness—the high point of which was *Poor Miss Finch*, a novel on the love between a blind girl who could not stand to think of the color blue and a man who stained himself blue by drinking silver nitrate. But long after Dickens had killed himself with overwork at 58, weird Wilkie Collins was still going strong. He treated himself with an "electrical contraption called Pulvermacher's Galvanic Belt," added morphia and colicium to his diet of drugs. At night, he said, when he went to bed, a green woman with tusks sprang out at him on the staircase and "said goodnight by biting a piece out of his shoulder." Separated temporarily from Caroline, he acquired another mistress named Martha Rudd, who bore him three children, and when both he and Caroline died, Martha kept the grass tidy round their graves.

Collins' bequest to literature has been immense, but it remains unassessed. Sherlock Holmes, Hercule Poirot and virtually all the professional detectives of crime fiction stem either from *The Woman in White* or *The Moonstone*. His choice and treatment of subjects have influenced writings of every kind, including (at least in Author Davis' opinion) George Bernard Shaw's *Mrs. Warren's Profession* and

*Pygmalion*. His bizarre themes and settings are outmoded, but the bloodshot eye that observed and pursued with such scrupulous diligence should still be a model to an era that considers itself so vastly superior, both in wisdom and in vice, to the Victorian.

## Sullivan's Travels

MUCH ADO ABOUT ME (380 pp.)—Fred Allen—Atlantic-Little, Brown [\$5].

*If the people in Poland are called Poles, why aren't the people in Holland called Holes?*

This was the first joke ever told by Fred Allen, in a grammar-school revue. Over the next 50 years, a lot of his humor did not rise much above this level, but his nasally asstringent tones and the cold poached eyes with which he regarded life were to be widely hailed as the attributes of a pungent social satirist. He was both more and less than that; in his best years, he was one of the funniest comedians in the U.S.; in lesser, later years he was an embittered heckler of most post-Allen entertainment.

Rather surprisingly—for nothing can be as dreary as a comic in cold print—these reminiscences turn out to be both engaging and amusing. The book is really three in one. One subtitle might read "Up from Penury," the Dickensian tale of a poor Boston Irish boy who made good; another, "Vaudeville's Final Hour," a nostalgic recall of the show-business tribe that was "half gypsy and half suitcase"; and the third, "The Fred Allen Joke Book," for gags are sprinkled all over—mostly outrageous gags, gags that used to be known as "forty-men jokes," i.e., it takes 40 men to keep the audience from bolting. The jokes were Allen's way of laughing at himself and his trade, and they serve as signposts to his story.

*Let "X" equal my father's signature.*

Fred Allen's father bound books for a living, but there is no evidence that he ever opened one. Born in Cambridge, Mass. in 1894, Fred was christened John Florence Sullivan; within three years his mother was dead, and the elder Sullivan had taken to drink. One of Allen's boyhood memories is of himself and his younger brother piloting the old man home after an all-day binge: "We looked like two sardines guiding an unsteady Moby Dick into port." He took an after-school job as runner and stock boy at the Boston Public Library at 60¢ a night. At a library employees' show, he did a juggling act that wowed his fellow workers. Soon he was haunting the dingy headquarters of a local amateur-night impresario.

*My uncle is a Southern planter. He's an undertaker in Alabama.*

Lines like that numbed the funnybones of Allen's pre-World War I audiences. When he wasn't twanging out patter, he pyramided cigar boxes on his chin and twirled hats through the air as "Freddy James, the World's Worst Juggler." At

# MISCELLANY

*A calendar of the triumphs, defeats and contortions  
of the human spirit during 1956:*

times he also did a ventriloquist's bit with a dummy named Jake. He had out-distanced the drag-off hooks with which managers yanked booed performers into the wings, but he was still patronizingly tagged as a "coast defender," i.e., a small-time vaudevillian who played only Boston and such outlying provinces as Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont.

*The halls were so dark the mice had a seeing-eye cat to lead them around.*

That one refers to Mrs. Montfort's Boardinghouse, a fleabag theatrical hotel, which was Allen's first miserable beach-head on Broadway's Great White Way. It was 1914. World War I had top billing, and Allen's arrival in New York had "created as much commotion as the advent of another flounder at the Fulton Fish Market." But the day would come (*The Little Show* and *Three's a Crowd*) when Broadway would be Allen's alley.

ALLEN: *What character do you portray?*  
PORTLAND: *I'm a chorus girl. I have no character.*

Fred Allen met Portland Hoffa when she was a chorus girl in *The Passing Show* of 1922. They were married in 1927 in the Actor's Chapel (Manhattan's St. Malachy's Church). "Portland had been a herd thespian; as a member of the chorus she had participated, unnoticed, in group singing and bevy dancing," but Allen made room for her in his vaudeville act. Portland later became the perky, indestructible nitwit on Allen's radio show. Of the early days, Allen fondly recalls that she not only fed him jokes but also quantities of salmon loaf and macaroni & cheese.

*This theater is so far back in the woods the manager is a bear. The audience is so low the ticket-taker is a dwarf to make the people feel at home.*

Such were Allen's tributes to vaudeville. But he loved it, despite its leeching managers and overnight hops, shoebox lunches and tank-town audiences. To him, it was a school of inventive self-reliance peopled with lovable oddballs. A gaudy branch of human botany, vaudeville finds in Fred Allen an affectionate and scrupulous botanist who cherishes every last contortionist, hypnotist, iron-jawed lady, human xylophone, one-armed cornetist, rube comedian, Hindu conjurer and clay modeler who ever played a split week east of Lompoc, Calif. or west of Malden, Mass.

Part of the charm of *Much Ado About Me* is its period-piece Americana. It tells of the last fun Fred Allen had being funny. To the radio years, he brought his nagging instinct for perfectionism. TV he merely lip-served waspishly. To *Much Ado About Me* (finished shortly before his death nine months ago), Allen brought not only the fondness of his memories, but the rueful tone and the hint of derision that, years before, led him to write:

*Tush little bright line  
Don't you cry  
You'll be a cliché  
Bye and bye.*

## JANUARY

**Progress Report.** In Taegu, South Korea, two weeks after he escaped from jail, Murder Suspect Kank Woo Won sent a polite note to the prosecutor: "I wasn't feeling too well because I feared I would be executed, but I am very well now, thank you."

## FEBRUARY

**The Critic.** In Los Angeles, police looked for the thief who walked up to a movie house, poked a pistol at Theater Cashier Kay Lee Stafford, said: "I didn't like the movie. Give me everybody's money back," and walked off with \$212.



## MARCH

**Vox Populi.** In Washington, New Hampshire's Senator Norris Cotton received a fan letter from a high-school girl: "All my friends are saving pictures of movie stars, and I want to be different, so please send me photos of twelve senators, but pick carefully, even the best are sort of funny looking."

## APRIL

**Solid Argument.** In Los Angeles, Viola Fredieu sued Harold Hester to recover her 49 gallstones, which he was using in sales promotion to show prospective customers what might happen if they refused to buy his water-softening equipment.

## MAY

**On the House.** In Milwaukee, Internal Revenue officials, agreeing to accept \$23,000 plus a percentage of her future income in settlement for \$81,636 in back taxes from Mae Yager, 67, a bawdyhouse proprietress, explained that the arrangement might prove more profitable than a forced sale of Madam Yager's assets.

## JUNE

**You Name It.** In Graham, N.C., History Teacher Wilton Hawkins apologized under pressure to the city council for including in a final examination a multiple choice question: "The Graham City Council is largely composed of A) Idiots; B) Ignoramuses; C) Ne'er-Do-Wells; D) You call it, you got it."

## JULY

**Below the Belt.** In Laramie, Wyo., Mrs. Ralph Conwell got into the right side of her Chevrolet to wait for her husband, cinched up her new safety belt, tried in vain to reach the brake as the car rolled down the driveway, rammed a truck, jumped the curb, moved down a lilac bush and crashed into the bedroom of the house next door.

## AUGUST

**Joy Unconfined.** In Blair, Neb., the weekly *Enterprise* carried a classified ad: "Lost: light blue dress night of Share-the-Fun Contest."

## SEPTEMBER

**Small Voices.** In Miami, caught making white lightning while free on bail after an earlier arrest, Moonshiner Lonnie Hastings mourned: "There is so much noise about a still, what with rats rustling around in the bushes and birds singing in the trees, that a feller can't hear them federal agents when they come around."

## OCTOBER

**Oodipus Rack.** In Singapore, Them Kim Kow said in court that she had left her husband, but would return if her mother-in-law would stop sleeping under their bed.

## NOVEMBER

**Bulletin.** In Wichita, Kans., after twelve months of only scattered rains, drought-conscious U.S. Weather Bureau Meteorologist Fred Wells looked out the window, teletyped: "NOW HEAR THIS NOW HEAR THIS NOW HEAR THIS RAIN HAS JUST STARTED AT THE AIRPORT. GOODY GOODY GOODY."

## DECEMBER

**Put Them All Together.** In Turin, Italy, when police arrived to quiet a family quarrel, they got an explanation from outnumbered Bridegroom Antonio Guglielmo: just before the wedding, his wife admitted that she wasn't a spinster but a widow with two children, then "finally she admitted that . . . she really had three children, not two. Then as time went by she seemed worried once more . . . and there were four children, not three . . . and then five children, not four . . . I was concerned about the speed of the family's growth."







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